

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Donnet.

Beethoven.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO SIR CHARLES HALLÉ.

*Mighty Magician, Shakespear of thine Art,
Tormented by the most oppressive woe
That lord of mystic harmony can know,
If thy grand soul was pierced by many a dart,
Still it toiled on, nor weakly sought to part
From Duty. With the great 'tis ever so.
Thy music stirs my inward self, for lo!
Subjective bard, thou speakest from the heart
Of thine own sorrows. Yet fantastic glee,
Or laughter strange, or sweet idyllic lay,
Or brooklet's voice, or joys of morn serene,
Great Master of Celestial Symphony,
Thy themes can be. To sanctify my day,
Thou dwellest in my life, felt though unseen.*
C. H. MITCHELL.

Au Courant.

THE death of Sir William Cusins from acute pneumonia, which occurred in the Engadine on August 31, must have come as a surprise to his friends in London and elsewhere. It is only some three months ago that Sir William retired from the post of "Master of the Musicke" to Her Majesty, and the increased leisure which he thus sought he has not been permitted to enjoy. As a composer he was known chiefly by his oratorio of "Gideon," produced at the Gloucester Festival of 1871, but his abilities in this direction were not marked. He was for seventeen years conductor of the Philharmonic Society, the longest time that anyone has ever filled that position. His death leaves a vacancy on the staff of the Guildhall School of Music, and as a teacher he will certainly be missed.

By the way, the Queen's private band, whose services are not so frequently called into requisition now as in time past, consists of twenty-four musicians, and a conductor and master. The uniform of the band is a dark-blue "dress coat," with light-blue velvet collar, and gilt buttons bearing the crown and V.R., white waistcoat, dark cloth knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes. On State concert nights they wear scarlet and gold. George IV., who, I believe, first established the private band, dressed its members in the uniform of the 10th Hussars. Thackeray, who never could find anything good to say of George, either as king or prince, has scathingly satirised his love of finery; but an impartial critic, with an eye

for State pageantry, might see more to admire in the old uniform of the 10th Hussars than in the present uniform of Her Majesty's band.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, the composer of "My Queen," "The Message," and many more popular songs, does not believe in the Anthony Trollope plan of doing so much daily, whether you are "in form" or not. He writes only when in the mood, often not composing at all for weeks, and when the inspiration is on he will work incessantly for days at a time, hardly stopping for refreshment and sleep. While writing down the melody of one song another comes to him, and he is said to have composed the album of twenty songs in as many days. Mr. Blumenthal, who is now sixty-four, is a native of Hamburg, but he has now been with us for something like forty-five years. Amidst the political troubles of 1848, the young musician, in company with many another artist, found it expedient to leave Paris for London. This change of residence, deemed then an almost irreparable loss, has proved to be nothing less than the stepping-stone to fortune.

DR. HOPKINS, of the Temple Church, seems to flourish like the green bay-tree. I shrink from calculating how many years it is since I picked up from a street stall for half-a-crown the first edition of the great work on the organ which, with the help of Dr. Rimbault, he gave to an admiring world which interests itself in such things. Since that time Dr. Hopkins has celebrated his jubilee as an organist, and now I learn that he is busy on a new edition of his *magnum opus*. The technical section of the volume has been placed, I believe, in the hands of Mr. Thomas Casson, an enthusiastic organ-builder, who from being an amateur has grown to be a thorn in the side of not a few of the old firms.

THE Incorporated Society of Musicians have at last made an official invasion of Scotland. The society somewhat pityingly refer to the northern half of the kingdom as "that country,"—much as an English evangelising organisation might refer to distant Fiji in arranging for the conversion of the islanders. And doubtless the deputation who have been in Scotland during the past month have shown something of the missionary spirit in connection with their enterprise. Mr. W. H. Cummings, Dr. Vincent, and the others who enjoyed the little holiday, had many plans to propose for improving the position of the musical profession, and so far they certainly deserved encouragement. There are special reasons at the present time why all should unite in the effort to establish the profession upon a sound basis, and thus enable it to take the position to which it is entitled, as well as to obtain for it the social and legal recognition accorded to other professions.

VON BÜLOW divides composers of comic operas into two classes, namely, those who steal their ideas from barrel organs, and those who write for them. My contemporary, *The Church Musician*, thinks the doctor might have included other composers—the people who set Sankey's hymns to music, for example.

THE quality of the Russian voices, especially of the Russian basses, has recently been remarked by several travellers. Count von Moltke, in his letters from the country of the Czar, speaks of a bass that made the windows shake, and again, of an "incredibly deep" bass voice that he heard. At a convent for nuns in St. Petersburg that he visited, there were some women's voices "so deep that one might take them for men's." These phenomenal male voices, it seems, occasionally sing a special part, generally moving an octave below the ordinary bass, and hence they are called "octavists." We have been assured on the best authority that all these men take the C on the second ledger line below the staff, and that the best of them can take a fifth below that note! Evidently these are the fellows to call the spirits from the vasty deep.

THE latest and assuredly the most valuable novelty in the pianoforte world is, Mr. George Russell's transposing piano. The mechanism is extremely simple, and you may have a choice of no fewer than seven keys by the mere adjustment of a small handle underneath the ivories. Everyone who is in the habit of accompanying vocalists wants occasionally to transpose, but unfortunately everyone is not capable of the mental process necessary for such a disturbance of notation and key. The new piano will more than meet every requirement of this kind, and as the patent adds very little to the cost, it may be expected that Mr. Russell's instrument will be very generally adopted.

THE Queen of Italy has turned composer. It is her delight, we are told, to sit for six hours—it is best to be precise—at the piano, improvising "sweet little melodies," but it has been a great vexation to her that she has not hitherto been able to recall the airs. At last someone has hit upon the happy idea of placing a phonograph on the piano, and future "sweet little melodies" will thus be assured of immortality. Royal composers, as a rule, are safe from the critics; it is the performers who cause uneasiness. When the King of Portugal was receiving lessons on the cello from Professor Casella he found that the professor was too much of a courtier to be a good music-master. One day, when after several stumbling efforts he had at last managed to play a difficult passage, the king said, "Come now, Casella, tell me frankly how I played that." "Sire," was the professor's reply, "everything that sovereigns do is well done." Boccherini did nearly as well as this when the German Emperor asked him what

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difference he found between his cousin's (Charles IV.) talent and his own. Without a moment's hesitation the composer replied, "Sire, Charles IV. plays like a king, and your Majesty plays like an emperor."

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MESSRS. WALCKER AND CO., the eminent organ-builders of Ludwigsburg, have just started an agency in London. The firm, which dates from 1820, has already erected several instruments in England, including one in Edinburgh and one in Norwich, and their reputation for high-class work will no doubt ensure a further measure of patronage.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know when the orchestral baton was first introduced. Well, Haydn states that the use of the baton by conductors was introduced into England by Spohr in 1820. It cannot have been in general use in this country until even a later date still, as the following incidents relating to its employment by Mendelssohn and Costa will show. Chelard came to the King's Theatre with a German company in 1832, and conducted with a baton. Costa, who had before conducted with the violin bow, saw at once the advantage of the baton, and adopted it from that time. But the practice was much criticised in the case both of Weber and Mendelssohn, who used it in conducting for the Philharmonic Society. Professor Ella relates that Mendelssohn, in company with Meyerbeer and Costa, was dining with him the day after the Philharmonic rehearsal, and was so much annoyed at the impertinent remarks made by the leaders of the orchestra, who criticised his use of the baton, that he was seriously thinking of giving it up, when Ella exclaimed: "My dear Mendelssohn, do no such thing; don't pay any attention to them. If you give up the baton to please them it will be put down to cowardice on your part." This decided Mendelssohn, and he retained the use of the baton, which was also used by Moscheles, and has been employed ever since. This, of course, applies to England only. The practice of beating time with the baton must be at least as old as the middle of the seventeenth century. On the sound-board of a beautiful harpsichord, dated 1651, is painted a concert of monkeys, one of whom, standing in the midst of his brethren, is deliberately beating time with a regular baton.

* * *

THERE is no end to the eccentricities of genius. The gossips have just been telling us how Madame Christine Nilsson has been papering the rooms of her palace in Madrid. One room, it appears, is decorated with the scores of operas in which the prima donna has sung; another has its walls covered with hotel bills. As a matter of taste, one would prefer the musical paper; but there is perhaps nothing to be said against the hotel bills so long as they are receipted. Madame Nilsson, in addition to other feminine weaknesses, has a passion for tapestries and fans. Her collection of tapestries is said to be very choice, and her fans are chiefly gifts from eminent persons. Who would not be a popular prima donna?

* * *

PRIMA DONNAS are all supposed to be "young and handsome," so that it is somewhat superfluous to tell us of these qualities as belonging to Miss Nancy McIntosh, who is to have a leading part in the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I am glad to learn, however, that she has to the full the qualifications of an "up-to-date" young lady. According to the

Gentlewoman, Nancy is an expert horsewoman, and has on more than one occasion done her fifty miles in the saddle. She can row, and in proof thereof can show you a beautiful gold medal, the prize of a ladies' sculling match. She can shoot and fence, and play baseball and cricket. She can swim and dive, and would rather begin a day without her breakfast than forego her cold tub and dumb-bells. Add to all this that she is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss McIntosh has only to show us now that she can sing as well as she is reported to shoot and swim.

* * *

SCOTLAND is slowly but surely removing the old reproach of being an unmusical nation. Her two "Macs" have already shown that composers as well as *litterateurs* can be reared on oatmeal; and now there is found to be sufficient musical enthusiasm in the country to make the starting of a monthly journal solely in the interests of the Scot all but an accomplished fact. The new paper is to be called *The Scottish Musical Monthly*, and its headquarters will be in Glasgow. I hope it will succeed in mollifying the musical critics better than its Edinburgh predecessor, *The Scottish Musical Times*. The editor of that journal was once aggrieved by some remarks of the *Scotsman* critic, and wrote a pamphlet to free himself from what he called "the bestial weight of a bombastic newspaper." That was a good phrase, and it has stuck.

* * *

A CONCERT was given at Freshwater on the 15th ult. for the purpose of raising a fund for erecting a cross on the beach in memory of the late Lord Tennyson. The "Kreutzer Sonata," the chief item of the programme, was finely rendered by Miss Janotha and Johannes Wolff. Miss Altwater sang some of Lady Tennyson's settings of her husband's poems, and also "A Soul's Vision," a beautiful song composed by Miss Janotha to words of Mrs. John Morgan Richards, a lady well known in the Isle of Wight. The Choral Society gave the "Ave Maria," which Miss Janotha composed for the Jubilee of the Pope. I regret to say that Miss Janotha had an accident while driving with Mrs. Granville Ward, being thrown out of the carriage. This prevented her fulfilling her promenade concert engagement; but I am authorized to say that Miss Janotha has so far recovered that she will be able to fulfil her engagements in Scotland for the first week in October.

* * *

It is simply a scandal that the magnificent organ at the Albert Palace, Battersea, should have been allowed to go, under a distress warrant, for the ridiculous sum of £625. The organ was originally set up at Primrose Hill, for the late Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, and was one of the finest as well as one of the largest instruments that ever left the factory of the Messrs. Bryceson. Mr. Holmes was a genuine enthusiast, and in the now defunct *St. Cecilia* magazine, he wrote many capital articles on his own organ and the other leading instruments in the country. As the Battersea instrument fell to the bid of a private gentleman, the auctioneer should have thrown in a copy of Bulwer Lytton's novel, "What will he do with it?"

* * *

SOME time ago an enterprising firm of press agents sent a note to the publishers of a new edition of Jane Austen's novels, asking them to forward to "Miss Austen," a circular proposing to supply copies of all the reviews of her works which might appear. We meet with something

of the same kind in the recently issued annual report of the Postmaster-General. Amongst the letters returned from abroad was one addressed by some guileless Englishman to "Jacob Stainer, Esq., Violin maker, Absam, Germany." The writer, who asked to see one of that celebrated violin maker's price lists, received his letter back, with an endorsement in German and English, to the effect that the gentleman addressed had been dead for two hundred years. Music we know is immortal, but the music maker, alas! has not succeeded in placing the laws of nature at defiance.

* * *

PERHAPS the biggest thing in engagements, musical, dramatic, or variety show, has just been made by Madame Adelina Patti. The evergreen and ever-popular diva arrives in America in October next, and will sing at forty concerts in the States (places not yet fixed), for which she will receive the modest little fortune of exactly £40,000. Notes in one's voice, indeed—bank notes, in fact, and to a very pretty tune.

The Promenade Concerts.

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WE all know what the Promenade Concerts were—a huge bar with a comparatively small musical annexe. Mr. Farley Sinkins has changed all that. The bar is there, for the scheme would not pay without it; but the main interest of the evening is now in front of the orchestra, not, as formerly, behind it. People do go behind for occasional refreshment, but chiefly during the fifteen minutes' interval allowed for the purpose, or during the waltz, or when a very inferior singer comes on. They do not, as in the old times, go for a drink whenever a Wagner, Beethoven, or Schubert item is reached; and, so far as I have been able to observe, they do not settle down at the tables for the evening. This is not worse for the bar business, it is possibly better; at any rate the bar-proprietor probably does not care whether a man stands and drinks his glass of lager beer in five minutes or sits down and takes half an hour to consume it. But what is the reason for this change in the ideal of the Promenade Concert audience? Several causes may be given. In the first place, Mr. Frederic Cowen, though he is not a Richter, is much the best conductor these concerts have ever had; the performances are therefore better and more intelligible, and people find it pays them to stay. Again, the programmes are of a decidedly better quality than ever before, and though this may have driven away those who like to drink while softly and sweetly in their ears from afar off sound the strains of music-hall ditties, yet, on the other hand, people who want to hear good music have been attracted, and, having come for no other purpose than to hear good music, they naturally stay in front of the platform. Then it must be remembered that the "proms," as they used to be called, have suffered eclipse for some years; the old *habitués* have formed the habit of going elsewhere and a new musical generation has taken their place. Be that as it may, Mr. Farley Sinkins has achieved something in drawing big audiences to Covent Garden, and in interesting them in music rather than alcohol while there. And of course we must not forget the credit due to Mr. Cowen for his share in making the success; his programmes have been for the most part capital, some of them of

especial excellence, and only a few of them at all of the clap-trap sort.

Up to the present the most interesting concert has been the third Wagner night, the date of which was September 5. Here is the programme:

Prelude (Act I.) and Entracte (Act III.),	
"Lohengrin"	
Overture, "Tannhäuser"	
"Elizabeth's Greeting" ("Tannhäuser")	
Miss Ella Russell.	
Overture "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner.
"Waldweben" ("Siegfried")	
"Wotan's Abschied" and "Feuerzauber"	
("Die Walküre")	
Mr. David Bispham.	
Ride of the Walküre ("Die Walküre")	
Kaiser March	

Unfortunately I arrived only when the orchestra was playing the "Waldweben," and cannot say how the other items went off, or how Miss Ella Russell sang the "Tannhäuser" song. But the "Waldweben" was deliciously played, and the vast crowd remained in absolute silence until the last chord was sounded. Mr. Bispham was truly magnificent in Wotan's "Farewell." Mr. Cowen showed a tendency to go much too fast, but Mr. Bispham was strong enough to hold his own, and individual players in the orchestra supported him loyally. The result was one of the finest performances of the number I remember. The orchestra seemed a trifle weak in the "Ride" and again Mr. Cowen went too fast—the movement had not a sufficiently heavy and important tread, so to speak. But when one recollects the good old times of the Promenade Concerts there is reason to be thankful that Mr. Cowen, and not the other man, conducts.

Next in importance to the Wagner nights came the revival of Sims Reeves on Monday, September 11. The first important item in the programme for that night was Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, for piano and orchestra. It was cleverly played by Mr. Slivinski. But the work itself is too loose and rambling to make a decided impression of any sort. There are pretty passages, but they are too long-drawn out; there are pretty effects, but they are repeated too often; there is no real strength of theme apparent from beginning to end, and the work, which begins by interesting you, tires you in the middle and irritates and exasperates you in the end. Mr. Sims Reeves chose as his songs "Tom Bowling" and "Come into the garden, Maud." I did not hear any of Mr. Sims Reeves' "farewell" concerts some years ago, chiefly because I had a shrewd suspicion that his farewell was not for ever; hence I am unable to say whether, as some say, his voice has deteriorated since then, or, as others say, it has improved. But this at least I can say, that it is a marvelous voice for a man of nearly seventy-five years. And Mr. Reeves' phrasing is as fine as ever; even the old-fashioned ornaments, the last remnants of the old operatic singer's trick of converting simple and beautiful phrases into elaborate and ugly bravura passages, irritating as they are as a rule, interest and please when delivered in the "great English tenor's" charming and graceful manner. The "Maud" song was not so well done as "Tom Bowling," but the audience insisted on an encore, and Mr. Sims Reeves gave them the old favourite, "The Jolly Young Waterman." It was an interesting scene. The floor was packed, the bar behind deserted; even the barmaids gliding round for a glimpse of the veteran. There was the proverbial deathlike silence until each song was finished, and then a wild uproar of shouting and clapping and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, such as might greet a great conqueror, which, indeed, Mr. Sims Reeves is.

On the Choice of Songs.

MONTH after month we present our young readers with a more or less easy piece of pianoforte music and directions "how to practise" it. There does not seem to be the same demand for songs of the kind. We are rarely asked to advise as to what songs beginners should choose. The reason for this is not so far to seek. Men, of course, never learn singing until they are men. It is a "bull" to say so, but so long as they are boys they rarely study singing unless they are solo boys in a church, chapel, or school choir. In that case music is chosen for them, and it is more often selections from oratorios or anthems that are required than songs. Then girls do not set to work seriously to train their voices until they are getting on towards young-ladyhood. At first they follow the advice of their teacher. Generally afterwards they will not take any advice at all. Young men whose voices have recently broken, and who imagine themselves budding Sim Reeveses or Folis or Santleys, are in much the same sad condition. So that advice as to what to sing is little use to either sex. But we ask our young readers to read carefully and attentively some remarks we have to make on the subject. Probably more good voices are converted into bad or indifferent ones by singing unsuitable music before they are fully developed than are ruined by incompetent teachers—which is saying a very great deal indeed. Everyone knows that the muscles of the body are not "set" until after they are fully grown. Everyone knows that a too heavy strain upon the muscles before they are set may cause lifelong weakness. Lifting a too heavy weight, running too long a race or too quickly, jumping too high, swimming too far—it is known that all these things may in boyhood or girlhood cause permanent injury, though they would merely slightly and temporarily exhaust an adult. And it is precisely the same with the voice. There is no more sensitive set of muscles in the human body than those we call the vocal chords; and nearly if not quite as delicate are the other muscles in and about the larynx. Strain them, overtax them in the least, and though there may be no immediate effect apparent, it is considerably more than possible that as the singer gets older she will find the brilliancy, or the characteristic quality of tone, or the fullness and power gradually leave her voice. Nothing is commoner than to meet men and women of thirty to thirty-five, who in their younger days had fine voices, and were regarded by their friends as "coming" singers, but now, they cannot tell why or how, their voices are not what they were; they cannot take the high notes, their low ones are uncertain in intonation and hardly pure in tone, whilst the rich characteristic fullness of the middle register is gone for ever. Only a couple of years ago we heard a young lady sing in a church; her voice was full, brilliant, and flexible: now it is "gone off," and she, too, is gone off—off to an eminent teacher who, she fondly hopes, will restore the damaged organ to its primal condition. Why was this? Simply because the silly girl found in an unhappy moment that she could take "top C," and henceforth she would not only take it, but must keep it, and jump about on it and occasionally get up to C sharp or D. She now pays the penalty of her little high-jinks. Again, our readers will remember reading (in the August issue of the *MAGAZINE*

OF MUSIC) a letter from a student who gave her experiences with various teachers of singing. That letter was true from first word to last. Only the names of the various people mentioned were changed, but most of them were known personally—indeed, Mr. Wildhead is better known to our readers than he or you imagine. That letter should have shown our younger readers the exceedingly great risk they run in playing any pranks with their voices.

Damage is frequently done by straining to take a certain high note in a song. But even more fatal, because, like a quicksand, the danger is not apparent to the eye—the untrained eye at least—are the songs in which the voice continues in one particular register, and that perhaps the weakest. Some voices may be weak in the lowest register. Then—if we consider the case of a girl for instance—it might be very dangerous to sing much between middle C and the F above it. And it is our own opinion that as much harm can be done in that way as by the shrieking of a high note. Again, actual injury may ensue from singing intervals which do not appeal readily to the eye. There is, then, it would seem, great need for advice as to what songs to sing or not to sing. But first for a few general rules:

- (1) Sing nothing without your teacher's permission.
- (2) Find, with your teacher's help, the weakest part of your voice, and avoid songs which make great demands upon that part.
- (3) Do not sing difficult intervals without knowing exactly the note you are going to. (It causes harm to proceed, say, from lower F to upper E, but missing E to strike E flat first and afterwards *scrape up*.)

Other directions might be added, but these will be found sufficient by intelligent students. At the same time there are many songs in which the different registers are so evenly treated that it is impossible for them to do mischief, and of these we will name:—

First, the great mass of Schubert's songs. Schubert knew well how to write for the voice, and he did not, like most of the Italian writers, have singers of extraordinary powers in view. But in singing Schubert you must beware of taking a song which is too high or too low. For instance, if you are a mezzo-soprano, you will find the volume published for that voice by Messrs. Novello most useful. But one song—"O let me sleep," is the name of it; I think—is quite unsuitable for any but the most fully developed mezzo-soprano, because of the demands it makes upon the upper register, and the continual crossing between that and the middle register. The Peters editions, arranged for lower, middle, or upper voice, are also good, but care must be taken in the selection of individual songs.

Second, only a few of Beethoven's. "Ade-laide" must be sternly put aside until the voice is strong and well-trained.

Thirdly, as a general rule, the *low* songs of Schumann and Brahms are good; but inexperienced artists should not try any rising above F.

Fourth, Handel's simpler songs are splendid, but his bravura ones are to be avoided. "He was despised," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," cannot be turned to harmful ends; whilst "Rejoice greatly," "O thou that tellest," and many another, most decidedly may do harm.

In our next number we hope to give lists of half a dozen songs from each of the above composers; but meantime any of our young readers who want help should write.

Music in South Africa.

FROM OUR CAPE TOWN CORRESPONDENT.

August 29, 1893.

LAST Sunday we went for our usual walk, though the weather looked rather wild. On the slopes of the mountain the wind was powerful and very cold, coming in great gusts over the whitened surface of the great Atlantic below us. We struggled on through the belt of silver trees, into the open, when, with a fierce "swish," down came a squall, the long wavering lines of rain veiling the further slopes of the mountain. We ran for the lee of a big solitary boulder, and crouched down, when the rain changed to a swoop of sudden hail, pattering all round us. Suddenly a bright flash, as of a white-hot sword, and a deep roll of thunder, echoing from crag to crag. Only one, and this though the air was bitterly cold. In some ten minutes we crept out, and continued our way through the wet bushes and grass, down to the town again, where the sun was shining bright and warm. A couple of days later we took advantage of a most brilliant moonlight night for a walk up over the Kloof, and round the "Lion's Head." It was just such a night as that so beautifully described in the "Golden Legend," calm and cloudless, and "still as still could be."

Down below the path on which we stood twinkled the lights of the town, and of the shipping in the bay. Above us blazed the "Southern Cross," conspicuous amongst the other stars; and away in the western sky gleamed Venus, the evening star, with astonishing brilliance, as it slowly declined towards the horizon. The surrounding pine-trees threw sharply-cut shadows across the path in the resplendent moonlight; and through the boles of the trees the fine old mountain showed up, with the thinnest possible veil of gauzy mist over the sides. The air was balmy, and as we got round to the Atlantic side we could just hear the faint "music of the sea." It was a magical night, and yet we were the only people who took the trouble to come thus far to enjoy it. Down among the pine-trees on the further slope is a little hostelry, originally built by Lord Charles Somerset many years ago, and here we stopped for awhile; and the landlord, an ancient man, who has been here since 1849, discoursed to us of former experiences in Australia, in the early times there. Thence, coming round to Sea Point, we took the tram into town.

To-morrow Santley has agreed to give one more concert, before leaving for England. It is for the benefit of the "Sisters of Nazareth." The hall is not a large one, and will of course be crowded. I am going. He has been well received during his tour round South Africa.

Next Saturday and Monday the "Messiah" will be given, in the Drill Hall. Foli is to take the bass solos, and there will be a good chorus of 300 voices, and a large orchestra. I will send you an account of it, also of Santley's concert. The new theatre, the largest and best designed of any in South Africa, is also to be opened here next week. I have been in it, and seen the arrangements, which are very good. The stage is very large, and the proscenium lofty; an arrangement being made by which the scenes may be drawn up out of sight, without being rolled at all. Gas and electricity are both laid on, and it has a handsome appearance, standing by itself in a corner of the Parade.

Aug. 30.—I attended Santley's concert last night, at the Roman Catholic Hall here. The

weather had been awful all day, though the rain held off a little at night, but it was dark as pitch, and because there was supposed to be a moon rising at about 11 p.m., a truly economic council had omitted to light the street lamps.

The hall is fairly lofty, and holds some 500, and it was crowded, in spite of the night, many people coming in by train from the country. The Governor and Lady Loch, who are unfailing patrons of good music, were present. The whole front of the stage, from the floor to the roof, had been most tastefully arranged, with a complete screen of arum lilies and leaves, which must have been most striking to new comers from the old country; some hundreds of these graceful flowers, showing their snowy heads from between the glossy dark-green leaves.

Santley's first song was Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother." He was in excellent voice, and rendered it with his usual pathos and expression. Next came "Queen of my days," to which the audience determined to get an encore, and he responded with "Molly Carew," which I heard him sing last March at St. James's Hall, and in which the combined form and pathos is most admirably given by him. The lingering appeal of the last two lines haunts one's memory. Then he sang his own "Ave Maria," another reminiscence of my last visit home. Tosti's "For ever and for ever" is a favourite of his, and he gave it with much fire and passion. And "The Minstrel Boy" seemed to carry away the audience with enthusiasm. To this he gave as encore an old Cavalier song, "Here's a health unto his Majesty," in characteristic style, and finished up with "Simon the Cellarer," and "The devil's awa' with the exciseman." It was a treat to hear him again, and one which we can hardly expect to be repeated out in this colony. A Miss Edith Hoskins sang St. Quentin's "Hosanna in Excelsis" very charmingly, with accompaniment of piano, cello, and Mustel organ. Mr. Ramsden gave two violin solos, a concerto of De Beriot's, and a romance of Kalliwoda's, in finished style.

There were also one or two other vocal and piano solos, and a French girl sang a composition of Gounod's, "Mireille valse chantée," in a manner which somewhat reminded me of a *café chantant*, at the extremest pitch of a high voice, which made the hearers "squirm" again. It was a successful concert, and the good "Sisters of Nazareth" ought to profit by it.

To-day again it is raining furiously, and there is a heavy swell outside, which will give the *Scot* a rough time of it this afternoon.

I will write next week of Foli's singing in the "Messiah."

Memo from Australia.

TOO late for the September issue the mail brought glowing Press accounts of the success of another concert given by Mr. Marshall-Hall in Melbourne. It may at once be said that these accounts, with one exception, are unanimous in praising the renderings secured by the young English conductor. This one exception is only mentioned here because it opens up an interesting topic. The *Argus* critic wrote thus:

"Three of the compositions given on Saturday were quite familiar to all concert-goers, and it is therefore only with the renderings that we have now

to do. In criticising them it must be remembered that Mr. Marshall-Hall has had far better opportunities of rehearsing with his orchestra than any of his predecessors here—with but one exception—and that he has employed his time well is evidenced by the undeviating unanimity that prevails between conductor and conducted; but at the same time the professor's readings, though, of course, accepted unreservedly by those under his baton, are not always such as commend themselves to the approval of musicians who have heard these world-famed works of art performed under the direction of more experienced conductors in England, Germany, and also in Australia. Thus the entry of a secondary subject is not necessarily emphasised by an alteration in the tempo, and when dealing with the compositions of a Beethoven the advisability of these changes, unauthorised by the composer, is, to say the least, extremely doubtful. This remark applies to Saturday's performance of the 'Egmont' overture, which, however, in every other respect was a most laudable one. The applause at the conclusion was continued until it had been acknowledged in the usual way. The interpretation of the 'Eroica' symphony may also be spoken of in terms of almost unstinted praise. The *rallentando* introduced in the Allegro con brio cannot be objected to, whilst the Marcia Funebre was deeply impressive. The Scherzo (*allegro vivace*) was, we think, taken at too fast a pace, and suffered thereby, though this was not the case with the trio, in which the time was slackened, though in the score there are no instructions to that effect. There was nothing to find fault with in the finale, which was a splendid finish to a fine performance."

Here is Mr. Marshall-Hall's criticism on the criticism, with the original critic's reply thereto:

"THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERT AT THE TOWN-HALL.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Argus*."

"SIR,—In his perfectly legitimate criticism of last Saturday's concert your critic takes exception to the various *nuances of tempo* which I am accustomed to introduce. As a typical instance he notices the slower tempo at which we played the second subject of the 'Egmont' overture, comparing it unfavourably to the way it is rendered 'under the direction of more experienced conductors in England, Germany, and also in Australia.' Possibly there are some of your readers who will allow some weight to the voice of a late German composer, not altogether unknown, even should he chance to differ from the Australian authorities—I allude to Richard Wagner. In his article, 'On Conducting,' he mentions this very overture to 'Egmont,' and the very passage selected by your critic as typical of my peculiarities of tempo. Wagner says: 'In the Allegro of the "Egmont" overture the powerful and weighty *sostenuto* (subject quoted in original) of the introduction is used in rhythmical diminution as the first half of the second theme, and is answered in the other half by a soft and smooth counter-motive. (Another quotation.) The conductor, in accordance with "classical" custom, permitted this concise and concentrated theme, a contrast of power and gentle self-content, to be swept away by the rush of the Allegro like a sere and withered leaf; so that, whenever it caught the ear at all, a sort of dance pace was heard, in which during the two opening bars the dancers stepped forward, and in the two following bars twirled about in "Laendler" fashion. When von Bülow, in the absence of the senior conductor, was called upon to lead the "Egmont" music at Munich, I induced him, amongst other things, to attend to the proper rendering of this passage. It proved at once strikingly effective—concise, laconic—as Beethoven meant it. The tempo, which up to that point had been kept up with passionate animation, was firmly arrested and very slightly modified . . . and thus these simple but indispensable modifications brought about a new reading of the overture—the correct reading. . . ."

"G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

"University, July 24."

"[Our musical critic makes the following comment on the above letter: 'Wagner as a composer was great, but Wagner as a conductor was quite a

different thing. I have heard the "Egmont" overture performed under the direction of several of the most famous conductors of the day, but never with the sudden change in tempo so noticeable on Saturday, the advisability of which I consider "extremely doubtful," especially as the giant composer Beethoven did not, as a rule, rush his scores into print with errors and omissions.—ED. A.]

The following comments may be made upon the matter: One is bound to infer from the *Argus* critic's remarks that the "more experienced conductors of England, Germany, and Australia" do not make these deviations from strict time which are complained of in Professor Marshall-Hall's readings. This gives one pause. Who are these conductors? The Australian authorities are unknown here; but it must be admitted that there are more experienced conductors than Mr. Marshall-Hall both in England and Germany. In Germany there are Bülow and Richter in the first rank. In England there are Mackenzie, Cowen, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. Henschel. And the peculiar thing is that these men make *exactly the same kind of nuances as Mr. Marshall-Hall*, though, of course, they all differ as to the precise degree and the places where they should be made. It is now generally admitted that Beethoven's music especially requires these *nuances* to make it intelligible. With regard to Mr. Marshall-Hall's letter and the reply, it is news to learn that although "Wagner as a composer was great . . . Wagner as a conductor was quite a different thing"—that is to say, Wagner as a conductor was not great. That is a point on which the *Argus* critic must be content to differ with all the "more experienced conductors" of Europe, at any rate. All the men above mentioned regard Wagner as a master in the art of "playing on the orchestra." As to Beethoven's "errors and omissions," Mr. Silas, Mr. Corder, and other writers are at the present moment showing what a great number there are of them; and only lately Mr. Shedlock has shown that Beethoven regarded the notes merely as the letter that killeth, and was accustomed to make alterations in his own or other people's text, as he felt impelled by the spirit that giveth life. The whole question, however, turns on this: What are the names of the conductors regarded as authorities by the critic of the *Argus*?

SATURDAY, September 11, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, Messrs. Watney, Dutton, and Co. submitted a considerable number of music-hall shares for sale by auction. Fifty-five £1 (10s. paid) shares in the Empire Palace, on which a dividend of 70 per cent. has been paid, were knocked down for £3 5s. each. Forty-five £5 fully-paid ordinary shares in the London Pavilion (Limited), on which an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. has been paid, quickly ran up to £6 17s. 6d. per share, and were sold at that figure. Forty £5 fully-paid shares in the New Tivoli (Limited) started at £7, and after a spirited competition were ultimately disposed of at £9 5s. per share. Forty £5 fully-paid shares in the Oxford dragged somewhat, and only fetched £4 7s. 6d. each. Three £50 first debentures in the same company, bearing interest at the rate of 7 per cent., only reached £50 10s. per share, and five £50 second debentures, also bearing 7 per cent., went at £47. Fifteen £10 fully-paid shares in the Alhambra Company (Limited), on which an interim dividend of £16 per cent. has been paid, sold at £22 10s. each. As we have said before, Tivoli shares are now evidently regarded as the "pick of the basket."

A (Late) Cabinet Minister on Handel.

I HAVE just laid down Mr. Arthur Balfour's book, "Essays and Addresses," and have sensations like those which might be caused by a number of small streams of very cold water running down one's back. For Mr. Balfour is a "regular damper." Be it literature, philosophy, or religion that he discusses, he is cynical and chilly in the last degree. Even politics, his chosen trade, arouses no warmth. But curiously enough, when he gets upon the topic of Handel and Handel's music, he is, and for the first time, genuinely and generously enthusiastic. Does this not show that Mr. Balfour has mistaken his vocation? Perhaps not; perhaps a little deeper knowledge of the seamy side of musical life would fill him with the same feeling with which he regards the other departments, occupations and pleasures of life.

However that may be, we have here a most eloquent and impartial estimate of the mighty master of the chorus—his position in musical history, his position as a musical thief, his strength as a dramatic writer, his influence on later composers; while at the same time we are told a great deal about the English as a musical nation, and our power to appreciate music and to give a correct judgment on it.

The essay was written for the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1887, and was *à propos* of the recent Handel Festival. Wherefore, Mr. Balfour takes the opportunity to go back to the previous Handel Festival of 1784, and remind us of the state in which music then was. "In 1784, Haydn had not visited England, nor, indeed, produced his most considerable works outside the limits of chamber music. Mozart was known here chiefly as a youthful prodigy; the sun of Beethoven had not yet risen above the horizon; Bach, who had never been known in England, was for a space forgotten in Germany; and Handel's music represented to the majority of our countrymen the culminating point to which the art had as yet reached, or could, perhaps, be expected to attain." Since then, Mr. Balfour reminds us, innumerable changes have come over music: the technique alone has been enormously developed: "the modern musician has at his command far better players, far larger orchestras, and far more powerful choirs, than his predecessors; so that the pettiest composer of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six is able to produce effects of which Handel and Bach never dreamed, and may employ methods of which they were utterly ignorant." So Mr. Balfour sets to work to review, and if need be revise, the verdict of the ancients, *i.e.*, those who lived before the advent of Haydn and Mozart, on Handel. After a brief notice of his life, Mr. Balfour begins: "What is impartial criticism to say of his work in its larger aspect? How far did he improve upon the art of his predecessors? How far did he smooth the path of progress for those who were to come after him?" The answer is that he, in the first place, did not create any new forms—"he rather exhausted the possibilities of those already in use than added to their number;" and this I am inclined to think is rather a wire-drawn conclusion. After all, no man ever yet wholly invented a musical form; and when we consider the chorus first as Handel found it, and then as he left it, we shall have to admit that he did as much for that as Beethoven did for the

symphony, or, indeed, Wagner for the opera. But one is bound to agree with the answer to the second question. Handel founded no school. "In England, he left behind him some humble imitators, who were more successful in stealing his phrases than in catching his inspiration.—His works form, as it were, a monument, solitary and colossal, raised at the end of some blind avenue from which the true path of advance has already branched."

The pages on the opera *v.* oratorio are interesting, but it is impossible to sufficiently condense the arguments here. And even more interesting are those on Handel's alleged thieving propensities, and they have the advantage of being quotable. Mr. Balfour admits that there is a quantity of borrowed matter in Handel's compositions. He claims that the matter was never borrowed to save time or to "cover a momentary failure of inspiration;" but that in heat of composition Handel took his material just wherever he could find it. Strangely enough, as a rule "the appropriated ideas seem only then to have found the setting and the use for which nature originally intended them, when Handel impressed them into his service. They are wanderers, which have at last reached their home—migrating souls, which, not till then, have found their fitting and perfect embodiment." All of which, being interpreted, is simply this: that Handel, being a master, knew how to use the material, which the usurers, from whom he borrowed it, did not. And they have been repaid with interest that would have satisfied the veriest Shylock of them all. "The truth is," says Mr. Balfour, "that Handel has not cheated them out of their due meed of fame, he has cheated them into it." We would remember not one of them had not Handel honoured and immortalized them by taking his loan business there!

After an inquiry into the expressiveness of Handel's music and much else, Mr. Balfour finishes with a brief discussion of the question, "Will the year 1985 see a Handel tricentenary as successful and as truly popular as the bicentenary of 1885?" And here his characteristic pessimism comes out. "Literary immortality is an unsubstantial fiction devised by literary artists for their own especial consolation." But even Mr. Balfour's chilliness is warmed by his Handel enthusiasm, and though he admits that in the course of time even Handel—like Homer and Shakespeare—may grow old-fashioned, he ends with a passage of nobler and stronger and more healthy tone than appears elsewhere in his book. "Let us, then, rejoice that we live in an age to whose ears the sublimest creations of the modern imagination, in the only art which owes nothing to antiquity, have not yet grown flat and unprofitable; that we are not driven to rake painfully among the ashes of the past in order to detect some faint traces of that fire of inspiration which once dazzled the world; that for us 'Israel' and the 'Messiah' are still 'immortal,' because they live in our affections, not because they lie in honourable sepulture upon the shelves of our museums."

'WITH that horgan o' yourn yer ort to make a fortune.' It did not make a millionaire of the subject of Dickens's wit, and certainly not of the vendors of the Alexandra Palace. The Palace organ has been described as rivalling in grandeur, sweetness and beauty of tone the wonderful instruments at Haarlem and Freiburg. It certainly cost £8,000, weighed 87 tons, and had 5,209 pipes; for all that it fetched only £625. Mr. John Burns could go no further than £600.

A visit to Brockenhurst Park.

THE beauties of the New Forest—its sylvan recesses and heathery moors, its gnarled woodland veterans and stately pine plantations, are well known through the length and breadth of the land. What lover of nature has not, at some time or other, betaken himself to the delightful little town of Lyndhurst, and spent never-to-be-forgotten days in exploring the grassy paths, leading by curves and angles into the very heart of the silent woodlands, or in strolling along the leafy lanes which here and there intersect the forest?

One of the most charming of these lanes is that which leads from the "capital of the Forest" to Brockenhurst, a pretty village notable for its ancient Norman church, and the noble grounds and mansion of John Morant, Esquire, D.L., J.P., one of the most enthusiastic musical amateurs in the country, and a generous patron of the art. It was on a beautiful summer day, a year or two ago, that I made my way to Brockenhurst Park, in response to the kind invitation of Mr. Morant to come and see himself and his house. I should like, if I were able, to describe the gardens through which I was conducted to the house; but I must not stay even to make the attempt.

Mr. Morant gave me a hearty greeting. "You are a friend of Mr. —, I believe?" mentioning a well-known musician with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted.

I assented.

"Well, so am I. So you see we need not consider ourselves strangers to each other. I am very glad to see you, and hope now that you have come you will find something here to interest you."

Something to interest me! I was sitting in a magnificent apartment—a veritable temple of Art—surrounded by everything a musician could desire, instruments of great rarity and value, and a well-furnished library of the scores of the great masters. A large three-manual organ was, of course, a conspicuous object, and the fact that it only occupies a fraction of the room, will give some idea of the dimensions of the apartment. The organ is a fine instrument, admirably suitable for its position, the tone being mellow and entirely free from harshness.

"What is this?" I inquired, as I caught sight of a strange pedal, placed to the right of the player, just above the swell pedal.

"That is a contrivance of my own for raising and lowering the gas during the performance of a piece. It is effective sometimes, but I seldom use it."

"You play the organ a great deal?"

"No, scarcely at all now. It is one of the most unsatisfactory instruments I know. Utterly soulless, utterly incapable of expression. What musician cares to perform upon a mere machine? and that, after all, is what an organ is, at the best."

Mr. Morant holds what may be called "advanced" views. He dislikes the very name of

oratorio, and makes no secret of his aversion to Handel.

"If you want real music," he said to me, "you must go to the works of the best orchestral writers, and to the great operas and music-dramas which we too rarely hear."

"You refer particularly to the compositions of Wagner, I presume."

"No, distinctly no. I am often asked if I am Wagnerian, and I reply that, so far as I am capable, I give allegiance to the great school of which Richard Wagner was a distinguished exponent, but which dates back to the days of Gluck, and perhaps even to a more remote period. Music, operatic or of whatever sort it is, if it is worthy of the name, should appeal to the really musical. The article which we have been surfeited with in the past, and which is still being served up in large quantities to-day, with its so-called melody and taking effects, is a mere imitation, not to be considered seriously. But it does not follow that the compositions of any one man, whether his name be Wagner or no, hold the monopoly of true music. Real Art has many prophets, although they may be less numerous than we could wish."



I had not long been in the room before I was conscious of having committed a breach of the tenth commandment. A beautiful old double harpsichord, as fresh-looking as if it had left the hands of the maker the day before, arrested my attention and I was gazing longingly at it.

"What an exceedingly beautiful specimen!" I remarked.

"Yes; it is a good instrument of its kind, and remarkably well-preserved," replied Mr. Morant, running his fingers over the dainty keys and producing the quaint, old-time tone so suggestive of the past.

"It is very sweet," I could not help saying, with just a twinge of regret in my voice which Mr. Morant did not fail to perceive.

The next moment he was seated at a fine Steinway grand, which, in response to his firm touch, filled the room with a magnificent volume of sound, full and majestic. For a moment or two he played, then rose from the piano and said quietly, "What do you think of the harpsichord now?"

Mr. Morant, although an accomplished performer upon the organ and piano, does not confine his attention to keyed instruments. He

plays the zither with exquisite skill, and has for it a very special liking.

"If some of the boys and girls," he remarked to me, "who waste their time with the violin, which they will never learn to play, would turn their attention to a simple instrument like this, how much ear-torture we should be spared! The zither, if not capable of very great things, is at any rate worth playing, and should be a people's instrument, which the violin, by reason of its difficulty, never can be."

The most delightful experiences must come to an end sooner or later, and I felt at last compelled to say good-bye to the courtly and distinguished gentleman who had so kindly given up his time to entertain me.

"You must see my automatic organ before you go," he said, however, and I, nothing loth, was led through a handsome corridor to the spacious dining-room in which this model of mechanical skill stands. The organ, enclosed in a massive carved oak case of ample dimensions, was placed on one side of the central door of the apartment. On the other side stood a structure of corresponding size, differently decorated, which I discovered contained the cylinders representing the various pieces of the instrument's repertoire, which could, of course, be added to *ad libitum*.

"What would you like to hear?" asked my host, following up the question with a long list of overtures and other instrumental works from which I was to make a selection. I chose the overture to "Oberon," and the barrel thus labelled was inserted into the organ, and the next moment I was listening to Weber's familiar composition.

"Now I will choose," said Mr. Morant, when the overture was ended, and in less time than it takes to write, Weber was consigned to the shelf, and Wagner, in the form of the beautiful prelude to "Lohengrin," brought forward in his place.

To say that the delicate instrumentation of this choice

composition was done full justice to, would be, of course, an exaggeration. It was remarkable enough to meet with Wagner at all in a barrel organ!

"It is very gratifying," I remarked, in taking leave of my host, "to know that music has such an influential supporter here as yourself, and that among the many attractions of this lovely place your enthusiasm for the art does not diminish."

"It is the only thing worth living for," replied Mr. Morant as we shook hands.

WALTER BARNETT.

MR. FREDERIC GRIFFITH is engaged as solo flautist for Mr. August Manns' season in Scotland, commencing in December.

THE new Estey "Mirror" Organ, in solid black walnut or oak cases, five octaves compass, is a remarkable instrument for the price. It contains two complete sets of reeds of the usual good Estey quality tone, and has eleven stops. It is altogether the most go-ahead production this well-known firm have offered to the trade and public.

My Pupils.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIDOW AND COLONEL HARTEV.

(Continued from page 201.)

SHOULD remind my readers that I did not smoke the cigar which the Vicar so kindly placed in my hand on leaving him; my experience in the "Calumet of peace" line was exceedingly limited, as will be presently seen.

The Vicar's wife kept her word and immediately set to work to obtain some pupils for me. A letter arrived the very next morning, and I give the contents:

"Will Professor Tittletop kindly call on Mrs. De Hilton at his earliest convenience?"

"Lavender Bower."

"Lavender Bower," how sweet! "At his earliest convenience," sweeter still! My "earliest convenience" was about a couple of hours after receiving this invitation, and nervous—I was nervous two years ago, but my occupation has since dispelled all such from my composition—so I say, nervous to a degree, and spotless as to my attire, I presented my card to the servant, and was ushered into the drawing-room of Lavender Bower; a sweet room in a sweet little house; the furniture was so delicate and pretty I dared not venture to sit down, and as I felt afraid to walk about for fear of disturbing the pretty little rugs strewn about the floor, I stood still, "glued" (so to speak) to the spot, anticipating the entrance of Mrs. De Hilton. Waiting alone in a strange drawing-room has always given me a horrid feeling. Not knowing what to be at during the interval, I found amusement by gazing at myself in a large mirror, and coming to the conclusion how foolish I looked standing there like a statue, so I ventured to move; alas that I did! My first step was fatal; I trod upon a well waxed and polished part of the floor, and was on my knees in a "twinkling," and in this position I received Mrs. De Hilton before I was able to get up. As I was very near the door my position must have appeared to her absurd; I was literally kneeling at her feet.

But the little lady soon put me at my ease by kindly remarking, during the operation of picking myself up:

"I thought by the rattle in my Dresden cupboard that you had fallen, so I hastened in. I trust you are not hurt, Professor Tittletop?"

"Thank you very much, no," I mumbled forth; "I only slipped down."

I can assure you, gentle reader of these lines, that I felt very foolish and uncomfortable; and as for realising my position as a professor, and putting on that amount of dignity which is so essential to one bearing the title, I could not do it; I felt much more like a pupil, but the sangfroid of Mrs. De Hilton came as a boon and a blessing to me, and very soon I began to feel "at home."

Mrs. De Hilton, kind and sensible little woman that she was, did not again allude to my tumble, but got to business at once.

"I really feel awfully nervous, Professor Tittletop."

"Oh, Mrs. De—"

"Yes; indeed I do. You see, it is so long since I had any lessons; I have done little or no singing since my poor husband died, three years ago; and although I have sung more or less every day, I have not done what you may term any serious work. I live here with my

brother, Colonel Harrey, who, by the way, wants you to give him a few lessons, if you can find time to do so."

"Delighted, I am sure. I may be able to find a vacancy," said I, bringing out the most dignified expression I could find for the occasion.

"So you see, Professor Tittletop," continued the charming little lady, "as I have practically done no serious work for the last year or so, you will find me very backward, I fear; but you won't be very angry with me, will you, Professor?"

I positively blushed for a moment, but putting on again the aforementioned look of dignity, I replied:

"You will not find me a fearful ogre, Mrs. De Hilton. What will you sing to me?"

We both walked over to the piano. I seated myself at the instrument.

"What sort of songs do you like, Professor? I have many here," she said, pulling out an armful of music.

"Ah!" I exclaimed; "I see you have 'My Dearest Heart' there. Will you sing that?"

"How really very charming of you, Professor; it is my favourite of all songs. Shall I sing it to you?"

"I shall be delighted," I murmured, and played through the introduction. Before commencing to sing, however, the little lady said:

"You know, I always quite lose myself in this song, Professor, so you won't mind if I put a little action into it, will you?"

"Not at all," I answered. "Pray sing it just precisely in your own way, I shall not interrupt you. Now, then." And, having again played the opening symphony, my first lady pupil began.

The first verse went off quietly enough. I did not notice a great amount of pathos or nervousness; as for action, Mrs. De Hilton had not moved, but alas! the action was to come. During the time I occupied in playing the intermediate bars she had taken up her position in the middle of the room, and then the action commenced. I could see through a mirror that the little creature was flinging her arms about in a most grotesque manner, putting her hand to her heart, gazing up at the ceiling with longing eyes, and making other similar motions which almost made me smile; but as she approached the end of the song she came nearer to the piano, and at the climax on the word



she clutched hold of my shoulders in the most enthusiastic manner, and I expected every moment she would embrace me.

"There, Professor," said she, not the slightest bit disconcerted, "was that really very bad?"

"It was really admirable," I stammered out.

"I am quite pleased; but let us try one with a little less declamatory ending, shall we?"

As I have told you before, reader, at the beginning of my career I was a bashful young man, and somewhat dreaded a repetition of the recent little piece of acting.

And so she sang a quieter song, and as she played this for herself I felt quite at my ease; it was all about "a little bird on a hawthorn tree," a much safer subject, methought.

So with a few details the lesson concluded, and, after a cordial good-morning from this kind little woman, I was shown to her brother's room.

At the words, "Come in!" from Colonel

Harrey, I entered, and really for a moment thought the place was on fire; I could see nothing for smoke, but could hear what I concluded to be the Colonel's voice, saying:

"Come in, Professor Tittletop; come in and have a smoke and make yourself at home."

And, then I gradually discovered a human form of portly frame and comely countenance. It was the Colonel.

It was quite a minute or so before I could speak; the smoke had got down my throat and almost choked me.

"I hope you don't mind a little smoke, Professor?"

"Pray don't mention it, Colonel Harrey, I like a little smoke," with an accent on the little.

"Then, try one of my cigars, now do; they are some really good Indians, and I can strongly recommend them."

"But, Colonel—"

He was, however, down upon me in a moment with—

"Come, light up, Professor; that's it. How does it go—well? Ah, you'll enjoy that, I know I'm noted for my good cigars. I warrant you'll find some flavour and quality there, and no mistake."

And before I could say the proverbial "Jack Robinson," I was seated at the piano, drawing away at a very strong Indian cigar about six inches in length. "That's right, Professor," said the cheery Colonel Harrey. "Now you look quite comfortable" (I did not feel so); "so we can combine business with pleasure," and, putting before me a copy of "Largo al factotum," the Colonel began to sing.

As my readers are doubtless aware, this is rather a catchy accompaniment, and as I was playing it a *prima vista*, with mouthfuls of smoke going down my throat at intervals, my position and feelings can be better imagined than described.

Those who are kind and flattering enough to peruse these chapters should, I think, be taken into my confidence. Now, first let it be known that I had never before in my life smoked a cigar. A modest cigarette I had attempted with no serious results; but a cigar, let alone a strong Indian, I had not aspired to. So dear, kind reader (I wax pathetic at the thought of it), can you wonder that the effects of the fumes entering my throat and nostrils, and, indeed, permeating with their poisons my whole body, should at last have gained the mastery over me? Whether you are surprised or not they did, and at the words, "Di qualità, di qualità," I utterly collapsed. How I felt I cannot quite put into words; I only know that I struggled to the door, scrambled downstairs as best I could, seized my hat from the stand in the hall, and ran reeling home. As I write these lines Burns' words come into my mind:

"Setting my staff wi' a' my skill

To keep me sicker,"

Tho' leeward whiles, against my will,

I took a bicker."†

I eventually got home, and eagerly sought the couch and dropped off to sleep with the words, "Di qualità, di qualità," ringing in my head.

The next morning I called on the genial Colonel and apologised. He could see how matters stood, and promised never again to give me an Indian cigar. Needless to say I should have refused his offer.

(To be continued.)

* Steady.

† A short run.

Musicians in Council.



DR. MORTON. Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you have all had a pleasant holiday. Most of us, I dare say, have been hearing wonders in the way of music during our temporary absence from town—the village schoolmistress, the wheezy harmonium, the old organ innocent of anything like just intonation, and so on. And although we would doubtless have gladly taken a little more of the music of nature before putting our necks in the collar for another winter, I trust we have had enough to carry us forward to the buds and blossoms of another spring. Well, we have not accumulated such a budget here on our dissecting-table as might have been expected. I suppose that even the composer rests occasionally from his labours, and of course the music publisher requires to go to the country every summer to get rid of those surplus dollars that a generous public has put in his purse. And so we, the reviewers, have our dull season as well as other people, which is a mercy, otherwise there must inevitably be large additions to the housing accommodation of Hanwell and Colney Hatch. But enough of levity, bred, I suspect, of Devonshire cider (ahem!) and mountain dew. Let us to serious work.

The pianoforte budget this time shows so many prettily designed covers that it reminds me of a certain fruit which brought dire consequences to man- (and woman-) kind, and which, according to the sacred chronicler, was "pleasant to the eyes." Whether the budget, like that ancient apple-tree, is also calculated to "make one wise," I do not know, but there is at any rate enough in it to keep one in good humour for an hour or so at the instrument. I have been specially taken with a series of compositions by Sigismond Stojowski (Pitt and Hatzfeld). There are three "Intermèdes," two "Pensées Musicales" (fine titles, are they not?) a "Légende," a "Mazurka," and a "Serenade." Our editor will not allow us space to criticise them individually, but they are all musically, some of them pretty, and all well-written for the instrument. Another series worthy of the attention of pianists—composers are going in for a "lot" nowadays—is the "Kompositionen" of Graham T. Moore (Breitkopf and Härtel). There are five numbers among the budget, among which may be specially mentioned some "Lyric Tone Pictures" for small hands, some chromatic studies, and five pieces for "den Konzert-Vortrag." Mr. Cornelius Gurlitt is an old favourite with pianists, and such of his admirers as can command "Sechs Händen"

(you must have German or French on your title-pages in these days of culture) will doubtless make themselves acquainted with his three pieces, "Valse Noble," "Gavotta," and "Capricciotta" (Augener). Mr. Max Pauer is the worthy son of a worthy father, in whose footsteps as an editor and "arranger" he is already following. His duet arrangement of Haydn's Symphony IX. will no doubt be welcomed by many lovers of "Old Papa." Messrs. Augener also give us, both as solo and duet, the first part of Reinecke's "Musical Kindergarten," Book VIII. It contains some charming music, which many children of older growth will appreciate. From Messrs. Weekes we have a mazurka by A. Montagu Cooper, and a valse by Mrs. Nugent-Bankes, both of which are pleasing without being in danger of popularity. Among other compositions in this section may be mentioned a valse in A flat by John H. Marsh (Harrison and Son), a musical sketch, "The Zither" (a very pretty trifle), by C. H. Couldery, and a mazurka, "St. Sunniva," by Rebecca Howland (Hays). A quaint and tuneful gavotte is the "Geneviève" of Kia Ora (Swan), which is, I observe, being played occasionally at the Crystal Palace.

MR. GABRIEL GEDACHT. The organ music, did you say? Well, I have just come from the organ-loft with it, where, I have had a fine time between sight reading and the effort to discover inspiration. Alas! I do not find that we have any Guilmant, or a Salome, or even a Merkel of our own. It is a pity that our organ composers persist in writing in such a heavy style. Why not let us have a little more melody and a little less of the solid old style of the German Dryasdust? Here is the new number—the "ninety and nine"—of the "Organist's Quarterly Journal" (London Music Publishing Company), which the ever youthful and ever vital Spark has now been running for more than twenty years. It is the only work of its kind extant, and whatever they think in Leeds, we of the organ-loft must own our debt of gratitude to Dr. Spark for the high skill and discrimination which from the first he has shown as an editor. There is nothing very striking in the present number. I like best the "Introduction and Fugue" in C, by E. Edwards, and Mr. Clement A. Harris' March in D, the latter having a very pretty trio in a very catching rhythm; but there are others who will find the variations and finale on the tune "Yorkshire" ("Christians, awake!") exceedingly welcome as a Christmas piece. Of Messrs. Novello's "Original Compositions for the Organ," I have several new numbers.

There is a brilliant Fantasia in F minor, by E. Silas; two "Sketches," by Mr. Wesley Martin, Mr. Collinson's assistant at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh; a fine "Tempo di Minuetto," by H. A. Wheeldon; and Dr. Creser's new "Wedding March," a tuneful composition which of course many of us played in connection with recent royal events. Mr. Calkin carries forward his excellent transcriptions from the works of Mendelssohn to the seventh book, which contains the second concerto (Opus 60), a fine "Musical Sketch," in B flat, and the "Variations Sérieuses" (Opus 54).

MISS SEATON. A happy time you pianists and organists have, while I am toiling through my bundle of ballads in the vain endeavour to discover a second Schubert or even a mediocre Mendelssohn! However, things are not altogether bad this month. Messrs. Weekes send out some good songs, first among which I would mention an appropriate setting of the old ballad, "Lizzie Lindsay," by Charles Home. The melody is pretty, and the suggestion of "tabor pipes" in the accompaniment will warm up the ear of the Gael. "The Shepherd's Adieu," by J. Ackers Gregory, is a musicianly song with a taking melody and plenty of expression; Raymond Roze's "So Soon" is singable; and "The Angel's Quest," by Richard Richards, is as good as some of Mr. F. H. Cowen's songs, and a little in the same style. Dr. H. J. Edwards' "Devonia" will make a capital county song, and should be widely taken up by those who love to sing the praises of "Dear Devonia! Sweet Devonia!" Messrs. Novello give us a capital setting by Sebastian B. Schlesinger of Tennyson's "Lady, let the rolling drums"; a beautiful song, "Ask what thou wilt," by Harvey Löhr; and Dr. Creser's marriage hymn, "Father of Life," a setting for four parts, which has evidently got among the songs through being full music size. From Messrs. Augener we have some very interesting songs—interesting in so far as they are out of the common run. A couple of songs—"Her Voice," and "Longing"—by Halfdan Kjerulf, the Norwegian composer, will be welcome to those who like the flavour of the northern countries' music. The second is an especially fine song. Mr. Hamish MacCunn is always patriotic, and here we have him in two songs from the works of his own countrymen, George Macdonald and William Black. "Heart, be stout," is a splendid cavalier's song, and "All on a fair May morning" is a graceful melody in the composer's best style. May Augusta Salmond has given us a lovely song in "Soft, soft wind" (Boosey), a setting of the beautiful lullaby from Kingsley's "Water Babies." Let the accompaniment be played delicately and softly, and this song in the hands of a sympathetic vocalist must make an impression. I understand that Mrs. Salmond's MS. was sent by the London committee to the literary section of the Women's Work Department at the World's Fair. From Mr. Alfred Hays we have a song with a pretty refrain, "Mother's Birthday," by Isidore de Solla; while from Reid Brothers comes a setting of Oliver Wendell Holmes' drinking song, "Come, fill a fresh bumper," with the "alternative words for temperance meetings." The latter is a capital idea. If you can't conscientiously sing, "Then a smile and a glass," you can shout "Then a scowl and a howl." But how would "Willie brewed a peck o' maut" come out with "alternative words"?

MRS. MORTON. There is not much for violin and piano this time, but what we have is happily good. An arrangement for the two instruments, by Emile Thomas, of the romance from Schubert's "Rosamond" (Augener), has only to be mentioned to secure the attention of all

violinists who do not already know it. Six valse by Schubert have been added to Messrs. Novello's Albums for Pianoforte and Violin. They have been arranged by Siegfried Jacoby, and are in every way admirable. There is much bright music in Edward German's "Three Dances from 'Henry VIII.'" (Novello). The "Shepherds' Dance" is an especially pretty melody. Mr. W. H. Squire has written Twelve Easy Exercises in progressive keys for the violoncello (Augener), which will be of great service to students of the instrument.

DR. MORTON. There is no getting to the end of the recent bridal music, and indeed if it were not for Sir Joseph Barnby it would hardly be worth while trying. Messrs. Novello give us Sir Joseph's "O Perfect Love" in three forms—as a hymn, as an anthem, and as a two-part chorus. The hymn and anthem will doubtless come to be popular at wedding services. Sir Joseph has also set Mr. Thomas Ward's bridal hymn, "O Lord of all creation" (London Music Publishing Company). Messrs. Weekes have added to their series of anthems one for harvest by Richard Richards, "Let the earth bring forth grass," and another by Cyril Bowdler, "Delight thou in the Lord"; while to Messrs. Matthias and Strickland's series have been added a couple of compositions by Frank Adlam. "Our grand old Church of England" is "a song of Church defence" by Howard Lascelles (London Music Publishing Company). One may defend the Church, but this feeble kind of verse he can never defend:

"Our grand old Church of England,
Our ancient Church and grand!"

There are among six settings of the Kyrie, by P. T. Lucas, B.A., some very fine ones, and the only misfortune is that it is impossible to bear all these kyries in our hearts. Messrs. Hopkinson and Mr. Joseph Williams both carry on their series of part-songs by interesting additions. Among the latter are two excellent settings by Mr. Edward Sachs, of Manchester, of words by Christian Rossetti. Messrs. Novello continue their series of Eton School Songs, and give us also for school singing a "Christmas Dream," by Alfred Moffat, and "Christmas Holidays," by H. W. Schartau. The same firm have made one or two valuable additions to their "Original Octavo Editions." Mr. Horatio W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" is a setting for soli, chorus and orchestra of Bernard of Morlaix's "Rhythm" on the celestial country, which has been translated by Isabella J. Parker. The work was composed for the Church Choral Society of New York. "The Forest Flower" is a cantata for female voices by Edmund Rogers. It abounds in tuneful music and may be recommended to the attention of those in search of novelties in this particular branch of composition. "Florabel," by Roland Rogers, is a work of a similar nature, the words by Edward Oxenford. Mr. Edward Sachs' "Water Lilies" is a charming little fairy song for four-part chorus, which was recently performed with much success in Manchester. "Manna," a sacred cantata by Dr. John Naylor (London Music Publishing Company), words selected from Scripture by the Rev. J. Powell Metcalf, was received with much favour at a recent performance. A delightfully fresh operetta, in three acts, is "Florette, or the Goose-girl," by Agnes Bartlett (Williams). Messrs. Novello's Vocal Albums have already given us in a cheap and popular form much of the best music, and we have now added to the series nineteen songs of Mozart; the English version is by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. The great value of Concone's Lessons has long been admitted. Numerous editions are already in existence, and Signor

Randegger gives us one more (Novello), in which he has carefully revised the whole work and added signs of expression and phrasing. Mr. H. Heale has made an excellent arrangement for three female voices, with pianoforte accompaniment of the fairy music from "Oberon" (Augener).

How to Practise.

THERE is, unfortunately, no space in our supplement available for a piece suited to our younger readers. It seems only fair to give such of our friends who play the organ an occasional chance; so here is the Bach Organ Prelude and Fugue in G, selected by the College of Organists as the test piece for the Fellowship examination in January next. Besides that we give a charming little school-song in three parts, by Miss Hilda Waller, and two examples of the kind of ballad that was popular in the days when Thackeray wrote "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Pendennis." Dibdin's songs, indeed, were known and loved long before then, as they will be long after the present time; but I believe I am right when I say they reached their point of highest popularity in those days. The old order changeth; the old glee-singers have departed, the old-fashioned back-rooms of public-houses where they sang are changed into flash gin-palaces; and one of those old-fashioned rooms, with their low ceilings and sanded floors, formed an ideal stage and mountings for a Dibdin sea-song with its references to "cans of flip" and other items beloved of the sailors who lived in the days when sailors did sail and not go along by the power of utilitarian unromantic machinery. Dibdin may be sung now, but never again with the jollity and whole-heartedness of old times; he is out of place in our *fin de siècle* life, as one of his favourite salts would be in our æsthetic drawing-rooms with their Japan ornamentations and Liberty silks.

ORGAN PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G.

I do not propose to say how this fugue should be played. It is not by any means an elementary work. By the time the student has arrived at it he will have formed a method of study for himself and know quite "how to practise" it. If he intends sitting at the F.C.O. examination in all probability he has a teacher who will tell him how to play in a manner that will *not* result in his getting "ploughed." If I tell him how (in my view) it should be played, and he follows my advice, he certainly will never proudly wear the cap and gown granted to the happy persons who have been weighed and not found wanting by the Musical Doctors who run the institution called (why?) the College of Organists. All that need be said here is that if the student has mastered the technical difficulties of the work and plays it in a straightforward manner, the fact that his rendering is not artistic nor expressive will prove no hindrance to his securing the magic letters, F.C.O., to write after his name.

"SIMON THE CELLARER."

What a magnificent song to rouse the enthusiasm of, say, your "Penny Reading" audience to the highest pitch! But if you bawl it from beginning to end in the usual manner,

you will raise no enthusiasm and ruin your voice. You will notice that the composer has inserted only two marks of expression for the voice, *piano* at the beginning and *forte* for the "chorus" line. That is because he knew quite well that all the various little inflexions and modulations (I don't use the word in the technical sense) of the voice which are absolutely necessary to make the song effective and telling, cannot possibly be managed if the singer shouts from beginning to end. This is a song that should be sung by no one who has not considerable dramatic or mimic power. Singing in a subdued manner, every little point must be brought out by changes in the *tempi*, in the vocal tone, and by variations in the volume of tone. While keeping the rhythm going sing freely; when Simon speaks, or the maids, or old Margery, change your tone a little, but come back to your natural voice for the chorus. Above all, don't think—if you intend to sing the song at all—that it is not worth while practising until you enunciate every word with absolute clearness and with a good quality of tone; study until you ascertain the best places to take breath, and this not so much, so to speak, from a vocal as an elocutionary point of view; and finally, study the phrasing—find out which passages should be sung *legato*, which *staccato*, and so on. I have dwelt more upon the dramatic than the musical side of this song, for the former is by far the more important. Only, don't spoil any effect you might otherwise make by bad vocalisation.

By the way, the author of the words is a W. H. Bellamy. Nowadays there is only one Bellamy, and "Looking Backward" is his prophecy, but that is not the man. This gentleman, who may be living now, flourished some forty years ago, and, amongst other achievements, provided "old Sam" Wesley with the words for an ode composed for the opening of some exhibition in the fifties or sixties. It was revived by Mr. Glenn Wesley at the opening of the late Workmen's Exhibition at Islington. I went to hear it, and though the music is sound and good of its kind, it was rather funny to hear the chorus singing fugues about "all honour to the working-man."

"BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW."

Like all Dibdin's songs, this requires singing. Perhaps only those who have heard Mr. Sims Reeves in "Tom Bowling" and others of the class know how great is the effect to be made by perfect phrasing, perfect manipulation of the voice, in short, by applying all the resources of the best kind of singing to these simple old ditties. The advice I have given about the previous song may be repeated here: never bawl, sing softly for the most part, and reserve your full strength for when it is needed, which is rarely.

This is entirely a love-song. Without ever degenerating into sentimentality you must give it tenderly throughout. At the same time there must be a certain abandon in the first verse. The second must be still more reckless; but the third must be softly and sweetly sung.

THE SCHOOL SONG.

Note that this song opens very quietly; the suggestive drone-bass should be rather but not too prominent. Beyond attending to the marks of expression there are no difficulties. On page 8, third bar of the second soprano stave, there is a misprint, two notes being given to the alto. The correct one is C.



"Words" for Music.

(Concluded from p. 202.)

FROM every point of view, then, good words are better than bad. But the question arises, Where are good words to be found? and I admit it to be a difficult question. It is the more difficult because the tendency of the present moment is in the direction of dramatic music, whilst a great many of our poets, big or little, seem more and more impelled towards the lyric forms. At any rate, dramatic poems—that is, poems which are complete dramas in twenty lines or less—are exceeding scarce. Mr. MacCunn is, so far as I remember, the only lyric musician of the present time, and the thousands of lovely little lyrical verses written since the Elizabethan era still await setting—and, I am afraid, will have to wait. That is a pity, for quite as beautiful music can be written in the one as the other form; and, though it is unwise to distrust one's impulses, I am often inclined to believe that the sudden fortissimo crashes, the painful screams, the broken-up and piecemeal style of song-writing affected by some of our modern men are more or less dodges to cover up a weakness of invention that would be all too patent if the simpler, more direct lyrical form were used. I am more or less of a heretic on certain points and am often filled with a mild thankfulness when I reflect that I might easily have been stoned for some of my opinions; but if I may declare another heresy, it is my firm belief that Schubert's lyrical songs are as great and as beautiful as his dramatic songs: that the "Litany for All Souls" is as magnificent a piece of art as the "Erl King," the "Serenade" or "Spring's Message" as the "Hymn to the Omnipotent." I can never stoke myself to the boiling-point of enthusiasm over Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido," whilst his "Adelaide" seems to me the very type of beauty. In fact, wander where we will amongst the masterpieces we shall always be able to match a dramatic piece of music by a lyrical piece. Even Wagner is not an exception; he wrote nothing finer than Walther's two songs in "Die Meistersinger," and when we remember Elsa's song in Act II. of "Lohengrin," "O, Star of Eve" in "Tannhäuser," the Spinning Chorus in "The Flying Dutchman," the Rhine-maidens' choruses in "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung," we have to admit that great as is the dramatic music of the music-dramatist, it does not surpass his lyrical music. This fetches us to another point. Doubtless someone will say, "It is all very well for you to say that certain pieces of music are as great as, or greater than, other pieces; but if the songs by Wagner which you mention are not dramatic, will you kindly tell us what is?" In a word, there is apt to arise some confusion between the lyric and the dramatic form; and before going on to investigate where words suitable to one or the other may be found, it will be well to consider the essential difference, the line of demarcation between them.

A lyric is always expressive of individual emotion, and of one, not several or conflicting emotions. It is for this reason that lyrical is so often associated with gentle feeling. As a matter of fact there is not necessarily any connection. Of course when emotion becomes very strong, reserve, that tenth cousin of shame, is apt to incline us to veil both its strength and the fact that it is we—that is, you or I—feel it by

expressing it in dramatic form. Nevertheless a love-lyric may be as passionate as a dramatic love-song. Where the dramatic form differs from the lyrical is in this: that the dramatic is always expressive of more than one emotion, and there is always progress, development, as the result of the conflict or comparison of these. Let me make my meaning clear by examples. From one point of view Walther's prize song is dramatic: that is, it is dramatically appropriate. But considered by itself, apart from the scene in which it is placed, there is no conflict, no sudden change or revulsion of thought or feeling: from the first to the last line the feeling expressed is the same. Take another case. The great bulk of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is made up of lyrics, "swallow flights of song," strung together in a rough and ready logical manner. But take the seventh:

"Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street;
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand—"

"A hand that can be clasped no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep;
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door."

"He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

Here the emotion is much too poignant to be spoken directly—it must rather be indicated, hinted. The poet wanted simply to give us the threadbare, poverty-stricken look-out on life after his loss; yet he had to adopt the form of a rather pompous address to the "dark house by which" he stood. But it is not so much in the form that the poem is dramatic. The dramatic moment occurs with the revulsion of feeling shown in the first lines of the last verse:

"He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,"

While the intensity of the emotion is indicated in the remaining lines:

"And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

Notably by the abrupt and halting rhythm of the last. Such a poem as this could not be set to a tune; and seek as we will, it will always be found that the true lyric will go to a tune, whilst the false, or a dramatic poem, will not.

I have gone into this matter at some length, for there is no respect in which the young composer will oftener err than in this, that he sets lyrics dramatically and dramatic poems lyrically, and the result is always unsatisfactory. Not only young composers make the mistake; we even find experienced men like Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Cowen endeavouring to fit smooth-flowing melodies to words which require declamatory, broken music. But the opposite mistake is more common with the younger men. At any rate this investigation shows us what we want in a lyric and what in a dramatic song. And now let us briefly explore a few of the poets and discover for ourselves the most fruitful fields for lyric or dramatic writer.

LYRICS.

The English poets have, I say, written thousands of lovely lyrics. I am afraid, however, that when our nineteenth-century young lions come to look into a few of the Elizabethans they will hastily put away the books in bad-tempered disgust. For at the first glance it is not easy to see what we have in common with many of the enthusiastic, simple, merry old boys: there is no point of contact. More especially will the nineteenth-centurian be

repelled if he has not completely forgotten the shibboleth of the drawing-room. I advise any such to consider what is the bed-rock upon which any piece of art-work must be built. It is the natural feelings and the sense of beauty. And the point of contact we have with these older men lies in the feelings, the love, fear, hate, joy, sadness, common to us all, and in our common enjoyment of the beauty of life. The Elizabethan may not speak with the shibboleth that would gain him admittance into the drawing-rooms of Kensington; but he tells us his human feelings in language that cannot be beaten for beauty and expressiveness. Taken for what they are worth, without any attempt to read nineteenth-century meanings into their quaintly simple phrases, and set to unpretentious music which serves to fetch out their inner meaning—and not another meaning—these old verses provide material for innumerable beautiful and truly English songs.

Nevertheless, it is probable that until the pendulum swings back, until the dramatic movement has spent its force and there is a reaction in the shape of a rage for lyrical songs, these older men will not be drawn upon to such an extent as more modern writers. So to the moderns let us wend our way.

When I consider the enormous number of writers, of more or less merit, who have penned songs more or less suitable for musical setting, it seems amazing that our composers should jog along contentedly to the wooden rat-tat of Joseph Bennett, Weatherley, and the other drawing-room universal providers of the day. To begin with we have Tennyson (many of whose poems have received no adequate treatment), Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and W. E. Henley, and a host of smaller men and women like Robert Bridges, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Robert Buchanan, Le Gallienne, Mrs. Browning, Edith Nesbit, and so on, who have written lyrics varying from the first degree of excellence down to the last of passableness. Amongst them two men stand supreme as writers of "words for music"—Tennyson and Henley—and, for the purpose, I prefer Henley. But, to deal with the first, I do not think the most suitable of Tennyson's are always the detached poems or those called songs; on the contrary, he is a bold, not to say a dull man who will set "When cats come home," and the "Tu-whit, tu-whoo-o-o" business; and even "A spirit haunts the year's last hours" and others of the same type are unsatisfactory. The composer will glean his richest harvest amongst the longer poems. "The Idylls of the King" and "The Princess" contain many beautiful songs, and from "In Memoriam" and "Maud" many others may be drawn. Dr. Mackenzie and a score of other composers have tried their hands at the "Song of Love and Death" which still awaits the final setting.

On the face of it this song is expressive of conflicting feelings, but a brief examination will show it is not. It is a perfect and magnificent specimen of the English lyric. Three of the verses in "Gareth and Lynette" make a song; and then there is the novice's song in "Guinevere." I will not quote from "The Princess," but may remind any enthusiasts in want of work that one of the most splendid pieces of poetry in this or any other language—"Tears, idle tears"—is sorely in need of rescue from the defiling touch of Mr. John Blockley, music publisher and—alas!—composer. Mr. Piatti has set "Swallow, swallow, flying south" to music of the feebly pretty sort, and anyone who has anything vital to say on the subject need not hesitate. Many may be staggered when I suggest that "Maud" and "In Memoriam" will yield songs. Of the dramatic sort I have already given a fine example from the latter,

and now for the lyric. Here is one verse of a perfect song :

"Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground."

Here another :

"With weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone."

Another :

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls."

and in fact "In Memoriam" is full of lyrics, any one of which would make the reputation of a lesser man. In "Maud," too, there are words for music innumerable. But I must warn my readers that if any of them on reading this hastily get down their Tennysons and, blowing away the dust, hurriedly scan the pages in search of songs, they will be disappointed. "Maud," for instance, must be understood and felt before you will know which verses to take; those taken at random will probably not inspire you, and will be thrown away in disgust at the last. But I have spent time enough on Tennyson, and I need only remind my readers that there are in his volumes enough words to keep them busy for a lifetime; and though one cannot for ever be setting one man's poems, yet, for a variation to those of other poets, they need never fall back upon Mr. Weatherley's sweetly inane twaddle or Mr. Joseph Bennett's clumsy fatuity run to verbalism.

Of Mr. Henley's work I do not propose to say a great deal. This is not a general review of the poets, but merely a kind of sorting of them for the composer's purposes. And while in Tennyson we have to look amongst the longer poems for his best lyrics, Mr. Henley's best lie on the page before us. His "Book of Verses"—published by Mr. David Nutt in 1888—is a nearly inexhaustible mine. The ballads, rondeaus, and other exercises in the old French forms are not of much use to us, nor are the hospital scenes; but leaving them on one side there remain some fifty or sixty pages of divine little poems, every one of which will sooner or later be wedded to perfect music. I have only room for one :

"From the brake the nightingale
Sings exulting to the rose;
Though he sees her waxing pale
In her passionate repose,
While she triumphs, waxing frail,
Fading even while she glows;
Though he knows
How it goes—
Knows of last year's nightingale
Dead with last year's rose."

"Wise th' enamoured nightingale,
Wise the well-beloved rose!
Life and love shall still prevail,
Nor the silence at the close
Break the magic of the tale
In the telling, though it shows—
Who but knows
How it goes?—
Life a last year's nightingale,
Love a last year's rose."

The same poet's second volume, "London Voluntaries," also contains a number of verses suitable for setting, but not so many as volume one.

Composers have attempted to set Robert Browning, and some have tried their hands upon Swinburne. But, it would seem, for precisely opposite reasons neither of these poets is very tractable. Browning, as Mr. Walter Besant makes one of his characters complain, is ruina-

tion to the front teeth; and Swinburne, musical as his lines are, will, I fear, never be a favourite with composers for another reason. Mr. Henley mentioned to me a little time since that he once read a very wise remark by a writer of ballads and ballad-tunes long dead. The ballad-writer took a poem of Shelley's and (in effect) said, "Here's a fine song, if you like; but look you, every word in this line, and this, necessitates a closed mouth, and these lines cannot be sung." The man must have been demoniacally clever, but his criticism was true, and my application of it to much of Swinburne would be this: His poetry is musical—none more so; but so many of his lines contain a redundancy of *b, d, p, m*, and *n*, and closed vowels, that for singing purposes it is not so grateful to singer or hearer as the work of inferior men. So that Browning, because he is horribly unmusical, and Swinburne, because he is musical in a peculiar manner, are neither of them so useful to us as the third-rate Apollos with whom I will shortly deal. Here is a verse of Browning* in all his glory :

SONG.

"Nay, but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
Aught like this tress—see, and this tress,
And this last fair tress of all,
So fair—see, ere I let it fall?"

And here Swinburne †

"Love laid his sleepless head
On a thorny rosy bed;
And his eyes with tears were red,
And pale his lips as the dead.

"And fear and sorrow and scorn
Kept watch by his head forlorn,
Till the night was overworn
And the world was merry with morn.

"And Joy came up with day,
And kissed Love's lips as he lay,
And the watchers, ghostly and gray,
Sped from his pillow away.

"And his eyes as the dawn grew bright,
And his lips waxed ruddy as light:
Sorrow may reign for a night,
But day shall bring back delight."

But those who read the poetry of the latter, as they ought, for its own beauty, will here and there cull delightful songs.

Matthew Arnold I do not propose to quote: possibly only a very few of his lines will be useful; and readers must search Andrew Lang's and Austin Dobson's works for themselves. Pretty songs will be found in two little volumes published by the Rev. George W. Allen, in Mrs. Browning's works, in the late James Thomson's ("The City of Dreadful Night," and other poems), and even one or two in Robert Buchanan's bulky, and it must be confessed rather windy, tomes. As a sample of what may be found in Edith Nesbit's ‡ poems, look at the following :

"Cold is the wind—the flowers below,
Fearful of winter's hand, lie curled;
But spring will come again, you know,
And glorify the world."

"Dark is the night—no stars or moon;
But at its blackest, night is done,
All after hastens to the noon,
The triumphs of the sun."

"And life is sad, and love is brief.
Be patient; there will be, they say,
New life, divine beyond belief,
Somehow, somewhere, some day."

(To be concluded.)

* Published by Smith, Elder and Co.

† Published by Chatto and Windus.

‡ Published by Longmans and others.

An Analysis of Paderewski's Playing.

FROM an interesting critical and analytical article upon the playing of the ruling king of the keyboard, which appeared recently in the *New York Times*, we take the following :

"Comment on the playing of this truly great artist is about exhausted. There certainly is nothing new to say. But there may be some interest in noting that hearings after an interval of time simply serve to deepen the previous convictions made by his work. No matter what may be said or written about Mr. Paderewski's playing by those who can make distinctions, it all comes back to the same point—the soul of his work is his command of a singing tone. This is the secret of all high instrumental performance. Here is where Paderewski triumphs. Except in compositions whose only claim to attention is their illustration of the possibilities of technique—such as the Liszt rhapsodies—he never forces his powers upon us at the expense of the music. And the reason of this is that his command of technique is so remarkable that, no matter how difficult the passage under his fingers, he is able to play it with a perfect preservation of the vocal illusion. Passages which could not be sung sound as if the piano were singing them. They are so full of gentle and exquisite gradations of touch that they do not seem to come from an instrument whose vibrations are caused by blows, but rather from one possessed of vocal chords set in motion by the soft caress of breath. The essential elements of this wonderful technique, the factors which combine to raise it above the average technique of good pianists, are complete development of independence of finger and flexibility of wrist. To the combination of these two is due the fact that, no matter how powerful a tone Paderewski produces, it is never harsh, and no matter how intricate the passage work, his command of the varieties of touch necessary to the preservation of the vocal illusion is never disturbed by the rapidity of the movement of the fingers. To all this is added wonderful skill in the use of the pedals. These are the technical reasons why Paderewski's performance is so beautiful and so captivating to the ear. It is hardly necessary to add that his intelligence and emotion, revealed through the medium of this technique, are the influences which master our minds and hearts, and send us away from the concert-room with that feeling of exaltation which follows every concert of this master."

THE offertory on behalf of the widows and orphans of the clergy within the three dioceses, at the Worcester Festival, shows the most favourable results. The total collection last week amounted to £1,042 16s. 3d., an excess of £40 over the amount collected at the 1890 meeting, and nearly £70 more than was taken at the "Jubilee" Festival in 1887. Further donations are expected, so that the stewards expect to hand over to the charity one of the largest amounts on record. The total attendance at the oratorios amounted to 13,891, as against 14,596 in 1890. The popularity of the chief works of Handel and Mendelssohn is evidenced by the vast congregation at the "Messiah" and "Elijah" performances, when every seat in the Cathedral was occupied.

* * *

DURING his summer holidays Brahms has, as usual, employed his time in composition, and has, among other things, written some more pianoforte fantasias, which will probably be introduced both to Vienna and London by Mlle. Eibenschütz. He has also composed some songs, which from the pen of the popular Viennese musician are always welcome. It is also rumoured that Brahms is engaged upon a choral work, particulars of which have, however, not been disclosed. Indeed, even the new pianoforte pieces were a surprise to his friends.

Worcester Festival.

AFFLICTION and sorrow come to us all, and, once in three years, to Worcester. For a little over a week strangers swarm in the streets, curious sounds are heard in the cathedral or room where rehearsals are proceeding, the very organist seems worried, and the very choir-boys wear a precociously mysterious and important look. What does it all portend? Simply that Worcester is attacked by that fell epidemic disease, Festivalia. There is no known cure. Plentiful throwing of cold water and application of wet blankets has been tried by kind unmusical folk—has been tried and failed. The empty purse might cool down the enthusiastic fever attendant on the progress of the malady; but you cannot empty a whole town's purse—at least, not without considerable risk to your person, which risk the police might ward off by taking charge of you for some three or four years. And the curious thing is, the town seems to welcome the disease, to enjoy it thoroughly, and wish to have its stay prolonged. Worcester meets its disease as martyrs have gone to the stake, rejoicing. As for the people who want to effect a cure, Worcester will none of them; if they are too insistent, Worcester will fight—and Worcester will be right.

I suppose I must again congratulate the conductor on the satisfactory result of his labours, for though at the time of writing accounts have not been published, there seems every reason to suppose that the local charities will benefit substantially. And so long as to assist charity and not music is the end of a musical festival, so long must we be thankful that charity, and not permanent officials merely, does benefit. In connection with this subject, it surely shows a somewhat ungenerous spirit in the local clergy, that the festival is run entirely for the benefit of the clergy's orphans and widows. The clergy are as a rule much more highly paid than musicians, and their posts more permanent; and I fail to see why the latter, on whom the greater part of the work falls, should not also have some share of the result. At any rate, let us hope that this smallness of spirit will not need to be complained of three years hence.

Mr. W. Done, organist of the cathedral, has now attained to seventy-nine years, and no longer feels equal to the duties of conductor, which devolve upon his able sub-organist, Mr. Hugh Blair. The festival opened, under his direction, with a performance of "Elijah," on the morning of Tuesday, September 12th. This well-worn work was on the whole finely given, the soloists being Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Jessie King, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Watkin Mills. The leader of the orchestra on this (and all other occasions) was Mr. Bennett, the greater portion of the band coming from London. (Where, by the way, is Mr. Carrodus?) On Tuesday evening, Beethoven's Symphony in A, and Handel's "Israel in Egypt" were given.

There can be no doubt the Three Choirs "came a cropper" over Bach's B minor Mass, and this is not surprising—nor ought it to be discouraging. To the average singer, able to take his or her part in Mendelssohn's or Handel's more or less diatonic music where all is plain sailing, Bach's passionate phrases, abounding in chromatic passages, awkward leaps and confusing rhythms, must be not a little puzzling.

On the other hand, the audience, accustomed to the directness and dramatic "straight-hitting," so to speak, of the later composers I have mentioned, must have been confounded by the complexity of Bach's more reflective music. So that for everyone concerned it will be well if the Mass is attempted again, and yet again, until singers and listeners come to understand. Such a stupendous masterpiece ought to be understood, and no number of little successes will compensate for the failure to understand it.

I need not go into the other performances in detail. A concert given in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, was an agreeable relief to the surfeit of old-fashioned devotional music. A symphonic poem, "Gretchen im Dom," by a Mr. Fischer, was played, I don't exactly comprehend why; Schubert's B minor Symphony "came off" better than Bach's Mass in the same key in the morning; Sullivan's music to the "Tempest" was well played; and an "Overture to an unwritten Tragedy," by Dr. Parry, needs to be heard again to be understood. On the next days, Spohr's "Last Judgment" and Brahms' "Requiem" were finely sung, and on Friday morning the Festival wound up with the ever popular performance of the "Messiah," which drew, perhaps, the largest audience of the week.

On the whole, then, despite some conspicuous defects, the Festival must be decided to be a great success, on which everyone concerned, from the conductor down to the organ-blower (if it be human!) is to be congratulated.

Reeves Minimus and Edward I. A SCHOOL TALE.

HERBERT LOVELL was an odd lad. A dumpling of a boy, dull, but doughty. Nor, indeed, so dull as the other fellows thought him. They considered him as "sport" more than anything else, called him Reeves Minimus because he was the mainstay of the chapel choir and the school concerts, and had a soprano voice which his patrons prophesied would one day turn into something that would make him famous. Little his school-fellows recked of that. "Duffer Lovell," "Reeves Minimus," "Apple Pie"—this last because Bertie, as his brother called him, could never have enough helpings to satisfy him—such were the terms in which the other boys, and especially his contemporaries of the Upper Fourth, expressed their admiration of him. He always gave them joy whenever and wherever he appeared. In a way in which they did not quite understand, they listened with pleasure mingled with wonder when his pure voice rang out in chapel, piercing the stillness, and filling the old pews and their hearts, echoing up among the carvings over their heads, and almost rousing the marble effigies of the school founders to join in the Amen. But there was something uncanny in all that to the boyish heart, and they liked him least as Reeves Minimus, second best when Duffer Lovell was put on in class, but most of all when he turned up at Rugger. That was joy when "Apple Pie" essayed to run, and then after him, Wilson, Ibbetson, Joyce. "Walker has him!" "Over with him!" and Reeves Minimus, Duffer Lovell, and Apple Pie fell in an unseemly heap.

To the masters he was a bit of a nuisance. Invaluable for school functions, but so far as

the routine of work went there was absolutely no result to be got out of him. Never anything but indifferent, respectfully but obstinately indifferent. Every method had been tried, for he had passed slowly, very slowly, through three masters' forms; one had reasoned paternally with him in his study, the other two had punished him, number two systematically, number three by fits and starts. Number three was Mr. Albright, with whom Lovell was now in the Upper Fourth.

But the puzzle to everybody was his voice. How could such a voice get into such a body? Why should a mouth that couldn't construe two lines of Virgil correctly sing so sweetly? But it did, and Lovell went on his way, not really indifferent, but interested after his own fashion.

He had no real enemies in the school, and one friend. This was "Edward I., surnamed Longshanks." His baptismal name was William Jabez Horace Roberts, but all trace of these had vanished long ago amongst the boys. He was a long skeleton-like lad, who held his head high as well by choice as of necessity. Hence his name.

We would fain sing of Lovell and Roberts, but if we did their contemporaries would scarce remember whom we meant, and so the tale must run of "Reeves Minimus" and "Edward I." They were inseparable, linked more firmly than the Siamese twins, bound fast in a "union of hearts"—*fratres jurati*. Each swore by the other; each played alternately the part of *patronus* and *cliens*. Difference rather than likeness of talent united them. What the one possessed the other lacked and prized, and *vice versa*. Edward I. was tall and thin and quick of wit when he chose, Duffer Lovell was dull, fat, and short; Longshanks was voiceless, Apple Pie was Reeves Minimus. Each played his part with the other for audience, public, the world of criticism, and so it came to pass that, though none knew it save himself, Reeves Minimus justified his name only when his friend was by to hear him. This fact is the *motif* of the following story.

It chanced that on a certain Tuesday, the eve of one of the many minor school functions at which Reeves Minimus had to appear, Longshanks fell into disgrace. Whether he had been idle or had spent so much time over his friend's exercise that too little was left for his own, history fails to relate, but it fell out that when Mr. Albright called for Robert's exercise, the long-limbed monarch tremblingly confessed that it was not finished, and no adequate reason being forthcoming, punishment followed in the shape of a long imposition to be done by the following Thursday. It could not be done in time without foregoing the pleasure of listening to Reeves Minimus at the Wednesday's concert. Longshanks was certain to be impaled on one of the horns of the dilemma, and of these two horns the longer and the sharper would be "cutting" the imposition. Duffer Lovell was a sorrowful listener when Mr. Albright prescribed the imposition, and when morning school was over he hastened to his friend to offer his condolences. Then he left him and "mooned" in solitary wise round the cricket-field, silent, morose, sulky, and thoughtful as Achilles on the seashore. The salutations of friends, the gibes of tormentors, fell on his ear unheeded. Only once did he speak at all, and that was to Mr. Albright, when the latter on passing reminded him that he was to come to his study at eight that evening to try over his song. After that our hero's gait became yet slower, his mien yet more dejected, and his brow even more pensive than before. It was only just as the bell for lunch was ringing that

his face assumed its wonted expression of satisfaction with things mundane.

After lunch Reeves Minimus was not to be seen. As a matter of fact he was seated, one fat "bunch," in the darkest corner of the fourth-form room with a piece of paper and a pencil. Apparently he was engaged in some all-absorbing and exhausting occupation, for beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. By his side was the score of "Tom Bowling," his song for the next evening. Before him was a piece of paper scrawled over with words and erasures, the latter predominating. After half an hour's work Reeves Minimus took out a clean piece of paper and proceeded to copy something from his original manuscript. It was apparent by four lines of poetry with a large space left ready for more. After writing it the poet lay half back and eyed it, but it can hardly be said with pride, for a groan escaped him as of one in pain. Then once more, with his head resting on his hands, he set to work with true British pluck. Anon his gaze rested on a grimy rafter, then fell vacantly on a desk in front charged with the effusions of successive generations of fourth-form boys. At last the idea he had been in quest of, or, at any rate, something that might do duty for it, came to his rescue, and he forthwith proceeded to commit it to the already dusky paper, and to polish it in successive attempts in the several corners of the same.

So intent was the poet on his task that he started to his feet in a fever when the familiar voice of Mr. Albright fell on his ear.

"It's surely a pity to be indoors such cricket-weather as this, isn't it, Lovell? What are you poring over? Studying 'Tom Bowling'; leave that until this evening."

Some answer seemed necessary, and equivocation was apparently the only resource. So Lovell faltered:

"I was copying the words, sir. That is to say, not exactly—"

"Ah I see," said Mr. Albright, "touching it up; or perhaps you were parodying it? May I see?"

And before Lovell quite knew what had happened, Mr. Albright was reading half aloud:

"There, a sheer hulk, lies Neddy the First,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear our merriest burst,
For lines have broached him to."

* * * * *

"Ah!" gasped the fourth-form master.
"And who's Neddy the First?"

The question seemed so simple that almost before he knew it the poet replied:

"Roberts, sir! Longshanks, sir!"

Something more than a smile came over Mr. Albright's face, but he proceeded with his interrogation.

"For what did you intend this parody?"

"I hardly know, sir!" gasped the poet.

"Were you going to sing it in public to tell our friends that Roberts didn't do his exercise, or was it as a solace to your own afflicted spirit? But I expect that both you and Roberts have had lines before, and have been men enough to take punishment without squealing, haven't you? There must be some special reason. Now, tell me all about it."

Inside of two minutes the situation in all its simple oddity had dawned upon the master. He reflected. Then with a smile:

"I'll think it over. Justice must be done, of course, but your friend must go to the concert. Come to my study, both of you, at five."

* * * * *

History records only that Roberts went to the

concert, that Lovell sang "Tom Bowling" with tremendous success, whilst Mr. Albright looked at peace with himself and all the world during the performance, and that never again did Duffer Lovell seek to write a parody.

Books about Music.

MESSRS. NOVELLO'S admirable series of music primers already make in themselves a fairly complete professional library, and yet, like the brook of the poet, they seem to go on for ever. The latest addition is Dr. Gordon Saunders' "Examples in Strict Counterpoint,"* which is meant to supplement the excellent "Primer of Counterpoint" by Dr. Bridge. The value of the present work to the musical student can hardly be overestimated; for, as the author remarks, since it is principally from models that the art is learned, they can hardly be too numerous or too varied. Many of the models here presented are, of course, faulty, and, in the interests of the student, call for the critical remarks offered regarding them by Dr. Saunders. But if these defects be carefully observed, such examples will be among the most useful; and it is an admirable idea of the author to leave to the student's own discovery several recurring blemishes, examples of which have previously been pointed out. Dr. Saunders has drawn largely from the great masters in his examples, but he has also provided many original models, for which he assuredly did not need to offer the modest apology of the preface. The book is one of the best of its kind that has ever appeared, and the candidate for degrees, who does not want to be "plucked," should possess himself of a copy at once.

Mr. F. Dawes, the assistant master at Honiton Grammar School, has given us a very interesting booklet on the music and instruments of the ancients.† As he tells us that the Chinese have no fewer than sixty-nine theories of music—some of them dating from 1100 B.C.—we must allow him credit for no little courage in trying to explain some of these theories to an unenlightened musical world. As a matter of fact, the Celestials have Mr. Dawes' most sincere sympathy—though not exactly for their music. He admits that they are dull and prosaic, but he would set this down to the famines, floods, droughts, plagues of locusts and rats which have pursued the nation for thousands of years; while to the same causes he would attribute in part the "hardness and dryness" which characterise their music. In part only, for Mr. Dawes informs us that the State, groaning under the weight of its pedantry, is to blame for much of the barbarism that pervades the music and instruments of the pigtail people. It would seem that the State has always controlled the music, in order to prevent any influence of other nations from affecting to the smallest degree the selected sounds that form the Chinese scale. There is certainly something wrong about the musical scale of a nation in whose minds the whole tones are associated with things perfect and independent, as heaven, sun, man; and the semi-tones with things imperfect and dependent, as earth, moon, woman! But the yellow race are altogether a peculiar people. In the native prints their musicians appear, to all intents and purposes, to be blind.

* "Examples in Strict Counterpoint." By Gordon Saunders, Mus. Doc. Novello's Music Primers.

† "Six Essays on the Ancients, their Music and Instruments." By F. Dawes, i. Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos. Oxford: Horace Hart.

But Mr. Dawes assures us they are not blind. "They close their eyes while performing to prevent any external object from attracting their attention." No doubt there is a predominance of pretty girls in the Chinese concert-rooms! Mr. Dawes also tells us all about the music and instruments of the Japanese and the Hindoos. He sets forth his information in a plain and interesting way, and those who would like to learn something of his subject may be commended to his pages.

Another pianoforte tutor! What apology is to be found for adding to the number? Well, Mr. W. H. Cummings is the sponsor of the "Conservatoire Pianoforte Tutor,"* and without going beyond his introduction, we find the special feature of the new work to be the system of fingering adopted throughout its pages. Briefly, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Cook want us to consider our thumbs as fingers, and our fourth finger is not to be the fourth finger at all, but the fifth. Mr. Cummings attacks the question from the historical side. He tells us that "the system of marks, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 (the first figure representing the thumb or thick finger), is *old English*, having been in use in this country as far back as 1599, and continued in vogue until about 1770. The words of the marriage service in the Book of Common Prayer afford confirmatory evidence that for 350 years the fingers have been enumerated as five, and the thumb regarded as the first: no other conclusion is possible when we read that the ring is placed upon the fourth finger of the woman's hand." But the circumstance of a certain system having at one time been in use, is no argument for its being revived; and the reasons which were last century thought good enough to lead to its being abandoned have not lost in weight during the intervening period. Mr. Cummings admits that in Germany, for nearly two hundred years, the thumb had a special mark of its own in the system of fingering; and, apart from the question of convenience, we have just as much reason to stick to our method now, as foreign musicians have to stick to theirs.

The question of convenience is, however, of some importance. It is admittedly a disadvantage to have two concurrent, yet diverse, systems for marking pianoforte fingering. If in England much of the published pianoforte music is printed with a separate sign for the thumb, on the other hand, all continental countries, and a large proportion of the United States of America, proceed on the theory that we have five fingers and no thumb at all. A pianist, therefore, desirous of promoting a ready facility for reading pianoforte music, will be wise to adopt that system which is used by the large majority of pianoforte composers and players. Moreover, British composers and publishers, Mr. Cummings thinks, must adopt this plan of marking if they hope and expect to find their works accepted and used by foreigners. Those teachers and students who agree with these views of fingering, will find the "Conservatoire Tutor" a work of great practical usefulness and value. The plan of the book is excellent. The explanations, both of theoretical and practical points, are given in considerable detail; and most of the lessons are followed by questions, the proper answering of which by the pupil must ensure the studying of the letterpress to which they relate. The musical examples include extracts from the works of the best masters, and have evidently been chosen with a view to the interest and also the cultivation of the taste of the pupil.

* "The Conservatoire Pianoforte Tutor." By C. Stiebler Cook. With Introduction by W. H. Cummings. London: Alfred Hays.

Glasgow Athenæum School of Music.

PRINCIPAL: MR. ALLAN MACBETH.

“ARE we a musical nation?” is a question which bids fair, as time goes on, to get a reply which will put it out of the realm of doubtful or debatable ground.

One does not require to go into ancient history to note the time when there was only one institution, the Royal Academy of Music, London, which was available to the student who desired a full course of study. Now there are several kindred institutions, the terms of which are within the reach of the most humble, and the development, we are glad to note, is not confined to London. Liverpool is making progress, and the latest announcement is from Manchester, as was seen from your columns lately. This may not be an inopportune time to inform your readers over the border regarding the position which Glasgow occupies in this respect, and it will be a surprise to many to know that we have a fully equipped school of music, which has been in existence for about four years, and is every session adding to its numbers; so much so that in a short time, if the ratio of increase be maintained, the directors will despair of finding proper accommodation.

The “Athenæum,” as it is called, was in its earlier days a reading or news room, with morning and evening classes, in which were taught modern sciences, languages, etc., music having a place among other subjects.

The extension of Glasgow Post Office necessitated a removal, and in their new and palatial premises the directors, to meet a growing demand, established a School of Music, and appointed Mr. Allan Macbeth (whose portrait appeared with last month's magazine) as principal, and under whose direction the progress has been something phenomenal.

There are about sixty professors on the list, and the number of pupils enrolled last session was close on 1,400.

The curriculum includes singing, theory, harmony, and instrumental music of all kinds; there are also lectures on musical history, physiology of the voice, acoustics, etc., also classes for ensemble and orchestral practice, and there are several scholarships and prizes offered for competition, and at stated intervals concerts are given of orchestral and choral music. During last session the new concert-room and theatre was inaugurated; it is beautifully appointed and supplied with electric light, concerts and operatic performances are given, the different parts being sustained by students and conducted by the Principal, Mr. Macbeth. This gentleman, who is yet on the sunny side of forty, comes of artistic stock, his father being the late Mr. Norman Macbeth, R.S.A., a celebrated portrait-painter. He was born at Greenock in 1856, and studied at Leipzig under Professors Richter, Reinecke, and others. His first appointment was that of conductor to the Glasgow Choral Union, succeeding Mr. H. A. Lambeth. He has also held various appointments as organist, and was a very successful teacher of pianoforte and singing, all of which he has meantime relinquished for his multifarious duties in connection with the Athenæum. His compositions for voice and pianoforte enjoy considerable popularity, and prove him to be an accomplished musician, as also a judicious administrator and a courteous gentleman.

Any reference to the Athenæum would be incomplete without mentioning the energetic Secretary, Mr. James Lauder, who has held this position for nearly twenty years, and it is to his thorough business capabilities that much of the success of the institution is due. Whilst music has made rapid strides, so have all the other branches of learning in connection with the Athenæum, the latest development being a School of Art, thereby giving a stimulus to art in every form.

A Tale of an Examination.

BY HENRY FISHER, MUS. DOC.

CHAPTER I.

THE PREPARATION.

IF anyone had chanced to glance, in passing, through the window of a certain moderate-sized house, situate in a quiet suburban street of one of our large towns, on a rather blustery winter afternoon, he would have observed a very cosy sitting-room, of which the sole occupant was a young lady seated at a piano. An experienced ear would have detected that she was a performer of more than average young-lady ability, and also that she was playing one of the perennial “Lieder ohne Worte.” The majority of young ladies who attempt these pieces adopt one of two plans: an utter lack of expression, or, what is more objectionable, an affected drawing which the wildest imagination could not deem expressive—and which is anything but suggestive of “linked sweetness long drawn out.” But the young lady under observation belonged to that small minority who are worthy to interpret Mendelssohn. She was playing the Lied in A flat, with which the fourth book opens, and which seems so admirably fitted to depict a state of quiet happiness. Her rendering, soft and subdued, seemed to express simply her own feelings—as if, indeed, she were extemporising. It was quite obvious that the piece was an old favourite, for, though the book was open on the desk, her eyes seldom required to refer to the notes on its pages.

Her performance was disturbed by a sudden, rather peremptory ring of the front-door bell, and an evidently expected visitor was announced. After the first greetings were over, the newcomer crossed over to the piano and, looking at the music, ejaculated:

“I knew you were playing something by dear old namby-pamby Mendelssohn. I wonder you don't get tired of hammering at those dreadful old lieder.”

“Now, Ethel dear,” the other replied; “you know that you have always liked Mendelssohn—you should not say such horrid things about him.”

“Yes, I know; but I could not take him as you do, morning, noon, and night—he is too sugary. It would be like having strawberries and cream for breakfast, dinner, and tea, all the year round,” and Ethel shuddered in affected horror.

“But you are very fond of Chopin, I know; and I am sure he is sugary, and namby-pamby too.”

“Yes, he is all that; but he has also a suspicion of acidity, and other qualities, which I defy you to find in Mendelssohn. Why don't you tell me about Schumann, whom I like best of all. He is not namby-pamby.”

“No, Ethel dear,” the other slyly said; “but he had what the Scotch call ‘a bee in his bonnet,’ had he not?”

So the good-humoured raillery went on, each

poking fun at the other's favourite composers. Maggie S., the girl we saw seated at the piano, was not a large specimen of humanity; her face was rather dark, and, except when lit up by animation, was a trifle too serious. Being a reliable friend, she was the confidant of all her school companions, who expressed their affection for her, and their appreciation of her sweetness of disposition, by addressing her as “Ma petite,” or, if they affected German, “Die kleine blume.”

Her visitor, Ethel G., was tall, but not objectionably slim. She had long auburn hair—not one of the numerous shades of red which tries to persuade the beholder that it is auburn—but the genuine colour, and the delicate complexion with which we usually associate it. Her face was very mobile, and told the most careless observer that she was quick and intelligent, with a healthy appreciation of the humorous side of life. She was full of energy and go, and being also somewhat wilful had earned from those candid critics, her schoolfellows, the names “The Boss,” and “Mistress Mary.” The two girls had been away to the same school, where they had cemented a close friendship which seemed likely to last longer than is usual in such cases. They had finished their school life a few months before the interview at which we are assisting; Maggie being then nineteen years old, and her friend a few months younger. There were two reasons why their friendship promised to be of a permanent character: first, their extreme disparity of disposition, and secondly, their great love for music. In this last particular they were quite of one mind, although, as we have seen, they had their own predilections in the matter of composers.

When Ethel had removed her outdoor trappings the two girls settled themselves by the brightly burning fire, and the conversation opened with the apparently vague query from Maggie:

“Well?”

“Oh, yes; I called on Mr. S., and got the syllabus from him. He was very kind. He told me that I must go to him again at any time if I wanted to know anything more about the exam.”

It will be desirable to explain that it had been proposed by the lively Ethel, some time before, that they should “go in” for one of the many local examinations in pianoforte-playing. She had treated it rather as a joke, but her more thoughtful friend had accepted the suggestion as being of considerable value. It would give them something to work for. They had both displayed more than average talent for music when at school, and there was danger that they would fritter away their time in desultory and aimless playing, whereas the preparation for a rather stiff examination would act as a very wholesome musical tonic. Maggie saw this very clearly. So as the result of several lively discussions, Ethel was commissioned to get a syllabus of the examination which they selected as being most to their mind. She said:

“I haven't looked at the paper yet. I thought we had better read it together.” Then turning it over until she found the right place, she ejaculated: “Oh, here it is. Maggie, you read it whilst I make remarks.”

After glancing at the syllabus for a moment or two, Maggie reads: “All the major and minor scales in octaves, thirds, sixths and tenths.”

“Have we to do all that? I can never manage it. All the scales—just think of it!” said Ethel in mock terror.

“What nonsense!” said Maggie. “But that is not all.” She went on reading: “Arpeggios of all the major and minor triads in each of the three positions.”

"Oh-h, Maggie! but this is dreadful. We sha'n't have to play them *all* at the exam., shall we?"

"Of course not, that would take far too long. But we shall have to get them all up."

"Well, I can never do all that. But go on, Maggie, let us hear the worst."

"Two out of the pieces in the following list to be prepared."

Ethel was evidently more interested now. She said:

"What are the names—do we know any of them?"

"There are five. First there is a prelude and fugue, No. 23 of the forty-eight by Bach. I think we won't trouble with that, Ethel. Then there is the last movement from the 'Moonlight' sonata—is that more in your way?"

"Well, I don't know, Maggie; I learnt that sonata at school—you remember, of course—but I never did admire the last movement. The other movements I adore, but the last is perfectly horrid. I know it is wicked to say so, but I can't help it, and I don't care."

"Well, Ethel dear," said Maggie; "I must say that I never did admire that movement, though I don't feel so strongly as you do about it. Oh, the next is Chopin's walse, Op. 64, No. 2, in C sharp minor. You will be happy now."

"That will just suit me. I can almost play it from memory." And Ethel went over to the piano and played a portion of the piece, well contrasting the sad and ejaculatory opening with the brighter part in quavers which follows. When she had returned to her seat by the fire she said, "What comes next?"

"A study by Henselt, called 'Si oiseau j'étais, à toi je volerais.'"

"That sounds very nice, Maggie; do you know it?" Maggie shook her head. "No? Neither do I. I wonder if it has anything to do with the old Christy Minstrel song: 'Oh, would I were a bird, that I might fly to thee.' That would be jolly, wouldn't it?"

"However do you manage to think of such comical things, Ethel dear? They would never put such rubbish into an exam. list," and Maggie vainly tried to look serious at her more volatile friend. She then read out the name of the last piece in the list: "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn."

"I know who will select that," ejaculated Ethel, clapping her hands.

"You will, I know," retorted Maggie; "I have heard you say several times how much you admire it."

"Well; I dare say I shall," said Ethel, in a mock submissive manner. "But is there anything else to do?"

"We shall have to describe the form of the pieces we play, to play at sight, and to answer questions in the grammar of music."

"Grammar of music!" echoed Ethel. "What is that? Oh, I know; intervals and scales, and signatures and time, and bars and—Anything else, Maggie?"

"I think you have mentioned nearly everything. And now, have we fully decided to go in for this exam., Ethel? Because if we have, we must settle down to the work at once."

"All right; I say yes," said Ethel.

"Very well; then the first question is, shall we have a teacher?"

"Oh no, Maggie; that would be too much like school again."

"Very well, then, that is settled. But we shall have to work all the harder," said Maggie.

"I am not at all afraid of the pieces, but those scales and arpeggios frighten me."

"Nonsense, Ethel; you did very well at school, and would have beaten us all if you had been more careful. Why, you remember, dear

old Fräulein said you would make a 'goot bubil, iv you shust always blays your pest,' and we all knew the same thing."

"Well, now that I have given my promise I will do my very best; and I know you will help to keep me up to the mark," said Ethel.

After pondering for a few minutes, Maggie said:

"I think we had better select the pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn. We shall be able to help each other best with those. Don't you think so, Ethel?"

"Oh, yes; I think that will be best," returned her friend.

"Then that is settled, and the next time I see you we must have a trial examination," said the practical Maggie.

Shortly after, they were summoned to tea, and forgot their anxieties in relation to the examination whilst joining in the general conversation. When tea was over they returned to the piano, and spent a pleasant hour in playing duets. Besides music specially written for four hands, such as Schubert's charming Air with Variations in E minor, they played arrangements from orchestral works. Purists say that this should never be done; but these happy girls had never heard of such uncomfortable monitors. They played the lovely "Rosamunde" music of Schubert. Then they went to Mendelssohn, and played some of his overtures, amongst the rest the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is said that the composer first worked out this overture in a duet form with his sister during the whole of one summer, and hence the two girls probably got nearer to his real intention than they could through an orchestral performance. At last Ethel prepared to depart, and as she said "good-night," both she and her friend felt that they had had a very pleasant time.

During the next three weeks the girls were very busy practising their pieces and technical exercises, but, owing to various reasons, they were unable to meet for the purpose of comparing notes, and holding the "trial examination" suggested by Maggie. At last a favourable opportunity presented itself, and Maggie sallied out to visit her friend. When she reached the house she was ushered into Ethel's own particular "den," which seemed to be completely saturated with music. The table was littered with pieces in an extreme state of confusion. The top of the piano was covered with the works of the great composers, not arranged in neat piles, but with corners sticking out at every imaginable angle. It was quite obvious that Ethel was in the habit of snatching a volume out of the pile, playing a piece or two from it, and then, without rising from her seat, pitching it on to the piano again regardless of where it might alight. This extreme state of confusion was very distasteful to the more methodical Maggie, but she had never felt called upon to lecture her friend upon her untidiness, although the search for a particular book or piece had often resulted in much wasted time and suppressed irritation.

"Well, Maggie, and how have you been getting on with the exam. work?"

"Pretty well," was the reply; "I have found the scales rather tedious, and, in fact, I am not at all satisfied with myself so far."

"That's all nonsense; you always look at the dark side," said Ethel. "I found them come quite easy after a day or two, and I am sure you can do them as well as I can—listen."

Ethel went to the piano and rattled through the scale of C in all its forms, then that of G, and, turning round, said: "Now, then, what do you say to that?"

"But that is not like our old teachers used to tell us to play our scales," said Maggie.

"Why, what is the matter with them?"

"They were too quick, and your hands did not come in together, always. Besides, sometimes there was a note which was too loud, or which was hurried."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said the impulsive Ethel; "just show me how you play them."

Maggie sat down, and, after carefully poising her hands, commenced the scale of C. Each finger was, in its turn, slightly elevated, and then accurately placed upon the note assigned to it; the first operation being deliberately, and the second deftly performed. The result was, both for eye and ear, a dainty display of technical skill; the scale, not hurried in the least, rippling in smooth and even tones, like a shower of liquid pearls.

"Oh, Maggie, that was very nice!" ejaculated Ethel. "I wish I could play like that."

"You could do better than that," replied her friend, "if you would take care."

After a little more talk about scale and arpeggio practice, Ethel said: "How have you got on with your Mendelssohn?—let us hear how it sounds."

"I cannot do much with it yet—the opening of the Rondo was so very troublesome to get clear; but I will play as far as I have practised, and don't be too severe in your criticisms."

She played the Andante accurately, the melody clearly enunciated, but with scarcely an attempt at expression; also, the time was, once or twice, somewhat erratic. Then she went on to the Rondo, which, in her anxiety to be accurate, was played very slowly. This was very praiseworthy from the student's point of view, but irritated Ethel very much, and at last she ejaculated: "Oh, you dear old grand-mamma, how painfully deliberate you are!"

"Yes, I know that," said Maggie, removing her hands from the keys; "but I believe correctness should always come first. I will try to work up speed when that is safe. But now, Ethel, let us hear what you can do with the piece."

"All right, Maggie, be as severe as you can," and Ethel sat down on the music-stool. She played right through the piece. The Andante showed much feeling, and the phrasing, except in two or three places, was very satisfactory. The Rondo was bright and sprightly. She muddled some of the more difficult passages, and in one case broke down completely; but that was only what might reasonably be expected when so much was attempted with a comparatively small amount of practice. When she had finished, with a rattle and a bang, like a musical firework, she turned round and said: "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think you play it with a good deal of taste, but you had an awful lot of wrong notes."

"Oh yes, I know that, but they will come all right when I have practised a little longer. Anything else?"

"Your passages were not smooth and even; but that, of course, will be put right with more practice. I noticed several times that you did not use the fingering printed in the copy."

"Yes, I know, but it is such a nuisance; and, after all, what does it matter, if you play the notes, what fingers you use? I always fancy I can get on better with my own fingering."

"Well, I can't," said Maggie; "I always find that dear old Fräulein was right when she advised me to practise from well-fingered copies. Of course there are copies which are badly fingered. I know that to my sorrow."

The discussion went on for some time longer,

and then drifted into other topics connected with the examination. It will not be necessary to detail these, nor any future discussions; they must be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that the conscientious Maggie had a good deal of trouble in keeping her careless friend up to the mark; but that, through persistent watching and worrying, Ethel was in fairly good order before the day on which the examination was to be held came round.

(To be continued.)

Stories of the Operas.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

IV.—TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

FRESHLY blew the sweet, salt breeze across the sea, swelling out the sails of the ship which carried a precious freight from the Irish strand to King Mark's realm of Cornwall. The rolling of the waves, the straining of the cords, the merry bustle of the seamen, the sunlight sparkle on the water, made blithe the heart of the sailor watching aloft, and yet tender withal; and the plunging of the vessel, and the thud of the billows, beat time to his song of the Irish maid he was leaving farther behind at each bound of the ship.

The song was fanned by the breeze through the rich hangings which marked off the place of honour where the Lady Isolde sat, stunned by her fate. The tender love-strains roused her from her torpor. How dare the churl insult her wretchedness! Wretched indeed was she, borne like a chattel to a loveless marriage with Cornwall's king; borne thither, too, by the self-same knight whose passionate gaze had already enthralled her heart to him. Her gentlewoman, Brangäne, has looked out and reported how the blue strips in the west were getting ever fainter. At eve they would land on the English coast. It is hateful, unbearable! Oh, for her mother's art of sorcery, that she might lash the fluttering breezes, rouse up the deep to its devilish deeds, and shatter this ship! It will be right welcome to its prey. With gentle solicitude, but in vain, did Brangäne strive to soothe her frenzied mistress. Isolde's fury was suffocating her. She gasped for air, but when the curtains were drawn back the view of the deck thus disclosed did but bring her misery more poignantly before the unhappy maiden. For there stood Sir Tristan with folded arms, calm in the beauty of his strength, and in his resolve to bring the pearl of Ireland's womanhood to grace his uncle's court as queen. The hero of chivalry, the doer of the doughtiest deeds, and he shrinks like a coward from Isolde's yearning eyes. Not one look did he vouchsafe her, and in a tempest of rage she sent Brangäne to command him to her presence. Kurvenal, Sir Tristan's squire, watchful ever of his beloved master's welfare, apprised the knight of the maid's approach, and bade him beware. To the message he answered: "In any station where I stand I truly serve but her. If I unheeding left the helm, how might I pilot her ship in surety to King Mark?" The words were gentle: the refusal was stern; and Kurvenal and the other men embittered it by shouting disdainfully after Brangäne the story of Ireland's discomfiture, when brave Tristan slew Sir Morold and freed Cornwall from her serfage.

It was truly bitter to the proud princess. Instead of her brother forcing weregild from the Cornishmen, he had been slain by Tristan,

and Tristan now was bearing her as Ireland's weregild to King Mark. Why had she failed in her purpose to kill this recreant knight, and avenge Sir Morold's death, when he lay helpless and wounded in her father's court? Because the gaze he turned on her as she stood with uplifted sword had, in that dread hour of peril, nought of fear, but only of yearning love. And love had welled up within her, and united with his in one longing, blissful pang. But even now she would be revenged. He should die at her hand, and she would die with him. The sorceress-queen, her mother, had, ere she came on board the ship, given her a box, wherein were phials containing magic potions. There was the love-potion, by which she was to win and cement the affection of her husband-king. There were salves for sickness and for wounds, and antidotes for deadly drugs. There was also for use in direst need of vengeance another potion—the draught of death. Brangäne had brought the box to her mistress, thinking to comfort her by displaying the love-potion, which would secure her husband's love; but, to her dismay, Isolde seized the death draught.

There was little time to lose. Land was in sight: the sailors were shouting to reduce the sail, and Kurvenal broke in, and enjoined the ladies to straight bestir themselves to meet King Mark. Isolde cowered shudderingly from the rude messenger, then rose with dignity, and demanded once more the presence of Sir Tristan.

The end of the voyage is near: nearer still shall be the end of the life's voyage of two on board the ill-fated ship. With desperate vehemence the unhappy bride embraces her faithful and weeping companion, and bids her prepare the death-potion for the traitor-knight. Before the maid can recover from the shock of grief and horror, Tristan has entered. Dignified, respectful, courageous, the flower of knighthood awaits his lady's command. There is no less of dignity and resolution in the lady's bearing, even at this supreme moment. But she pauses in her act of vengeance to reproach her beloved enemy. Quietly, gloomily, he listens: then hands her his sword that she may do her will. The voices of the crew as they make ready to drop anchor break out afresh. What is to be done must be done quickly. "Drink, let our strife be ended." He takes the cup and drinks. "Betrayed even here? I must halve it," and Isolde wrests the cup from his hand and quaffs the remainder. Motionless they stand, death-expecting, death-defiant. A change quickly comes, but not the change they look for. Not the dull glaze of approaching death, but the gleam of growing passion begins to shine forth from their eyes. They are in the grip, not of the King of Terrors, but of the Queen of Love. Tender confusion now causes their eyelids to droop, but only to be raised again in yearning gaze. Tremblingly she utters his name. Overcome at last he repeats hers, as she sinks crushed with sweet longing on the breast of the Beloved Traitor. Locked in their first passionate embrace they are heedless of the shouting of the men without, hailing the approach of King Mark; heedless of Brangäne's horror-stricken exclamations as she views the result of her disobedience in exchanging the death-draught for the love-potion. But the moment of joy is but a moment; for the curtains are now drawn aside; land is reached; knights and squires and seamen mingle in bustling confusion, making ready to receive the bridegroom-king, and attendants quickly robe the bride. In bewilderment, as though suddenly awake from sleep, Tristan and Isolde stand on the deck in view of King Mark's castle, and await their destiny.

* * * * *

It was summer-time. Night had descended on the verdant earth and kissed her, and whispered of love. From a beautiful garden the scent of flowers was wafted up the palace steps, whereon Brangäne stood, listening with anxious ear to the sound of the huntsmen's horn, which the night-breeze blew up ever more and more faintly as the royal party retreated into the forest. Brangäne's mind was ill at ease; she was haunted by the suspicion of treachery. Is Sir Melot the friend or the traitorous foe and rival of Sir Tristan? True, he has arranged this night hunt in order that the lovers may meet in security. Yet, if it be but a deep-laid plot to entrap them? She wishes her mistress would not be so reckless. No such doubts, however, trouble Isolde. Impetuously she comes from her chamber to listen for the last sound of the horns. Surely they have ceased now. The timid maid is deceived by rustling leaves and the soft plash of the fountain. She will keep her beloved waiting no longer. When the torch burning against the wall is put out, then he may safely draw near, and with light-hearted eagerness she seizes the brand and tramples it under foot. In a moment now he will be here. She rushes up the steps, and excitedly waves her kerchief towards the path along which her lover will come. She peers through the luminous night air, and soon descries the object of her quest. Filled with sweet laughter and rapturous exaltation she rushes forward; a cry of welcome, and her heart is beating wildly on Tristan's breast.

At last they are alone. The weary day of waiting is over, and "holy night" enfolds them and hides them from the envious world. Now they can be all in all to each other. Earth holds no nobler lovers than they. Not even the famed love of Lancelot and Guinevere can surpass the love of Tristan and Isolde. He draws her to a flower-strewn bank, and bends before her in mute adoration. The richest treasures of poesy at this supreme moment would be unworthy to break in on their silence. Words come later, when they implore the night of rapture to rest upon them, from the world to set them free. On a turret the faithful Brangäne is watching, with anxious heart, but fear cannot intrude on the lovers' happiness. Should day bring death it could not separate them. In the eternal night they would be together for evermore. In the grandeur of her love, knowing the full import of her words, Isolde rises and exclaims: "Night will shield us for aye." Side by side will they roam in realms of space unmeasured.

Suddenly a terror-stricken cry from Brangäne pierces the night, and Kurvenal rushes in with drawn sword. "Save yourself, Tristan." It is too late. Melot's treachery has succeeded all too well. A moment after he and King Mark and the knights and huntsmen have thronged into the garden. Isolde crouches on the bank, with Brangäne's loving arms around her. Tristan gazes unflinchingly at the disturbers, and, as he stands thus at bay, he unconsciously stretches out his cloak to protect his lady from their view. The blissful night is over: morning dawns. Tristan first breaks the painful silence: "The dreary day—its last time comes." The treacherous Melot cannot conceal his jealous spite, but King Mark heeds not his incitements to vengeance. Gently he reproaches his favourite nephew; sorrowfully Tristan casts his eyes to the ground. Mark had never married again and taken this wondrous lovely wife to his arms had not Tristan urged him, and it is Tristan of all men who has dealt him this blow. Tristan raises his eyes pitifully to the king, but there is no answer to make. Then he turns to Isolde, and asks if she will follow where he is now going. "The land that Tristan means of

sunlight has no gleams." And Isolde's answer comes at once: "The road whereby we have to go I pray thee quickly show." He bends down and kisses her forehead.

Then Melot starts forward with drawn sword. His monarch shall not suffer such scorn. Tristan turns to him a look of ineffable contempt, and draws his own sword, then drops his guard, and Melot's blade enters his breast. In a transport of grief Isolde throws herself on her wounded lover. Day has come, but Night will soon follow.

* * * * *

From a pale cloudless sky the sun smites land and sea. Everything stands out hard and distinct in the fierce rays; the eye is dazzled, the heart is oppressed, and thirsts for softness and shadow. The dazzling shimmer strikes up from the sea, from the stone walls of the castle, from the weed-covered rocks in the untended garden. It is not the brilliance of gaiety; the sun does not warm, it burns; the light does not cheer, it maddens; all is hard and unlovely. A lime-tree gives some shelter from the blaze, and beneath it, on a rough couch, lies the prostrate form of Tristan. He is sleeping, and at his head is the devoted Kurvenal, listening anxiously to his breathing. In this lifeless air there is nothing to disturb the sound save the melancholy notes of a shepherd's pipe. It is a well-suited tune, fraught with pain; but the shepherd will change it so soon as he can descrie a sail on the sea. For Kurvenal has sent for a lady-leech to nurse his master's grievous wound; the same who cured him once before, when stricken by Sir Morold's sword in Ireland; the same for love of whom this affliction has come upon him. After the fateful night in Cornwall Kurvenal had carried his master home to Kareol, but the squire's simple arts and devoted nursing had not availed to heal the smitten knight.

Once again the shepherd scans the horizon, and once again the air is filled with the sad cadence of his tune. This time Tristan hears; he is just awaking, and the melody revives his memory. It had floated o'er the evening breeze when the news of his father's death was brought him, and still more sadly through the morning's mist what time he learned his mother's fate. And now it bears unhappy foreboding, as he awakes from the blissful night to the dreary day. All has been dark to him since Melot's sword struck him down. He cannot realize that he is now in his own castle, far from Cornwall and his loved Isolde. Truly a sad awakening to the hateful, death-dealing sky. Warmed into momentary life by Kurvenal's cheering words and loving touch, he soon sinks back exhausted. Kurvenal administers the only balm that can be of use; he tells his master that he has sent for her whom, through faith to Tristan, he had once defied. The feeble and weary man is quickly aroused. In a transport of joy he repeats the glorious news, and embraces the trusty friend who has given it. He is beside himself with impatience. Then he shouts for gladness: "She reaches the bar! Dost thou not see?" But the shepherd's mournful note again comes over the castle wall, and Kurvenal turns dejectedly away. The excitement dies from the sick man's face; his head sinks back, and his newly-recovered senses again forsake him. Kurvenal in deep distress listens for his dear master's breath, fearing that Death has already claimed his prey. But the noblest of knights and truest of friends and lovers once more revives, and asks faintly if the ship be yet in sight.

And at last the herdsman's pipe plays a merry strain. Kurvenal rushes to the watch-tower. Yes! the ship is nearing. The faithful squire vents his excitement in wild exclamations. But

if he is so affected by the approaching bark what must Tristan's feelings be? Alas! Those shouts of joy which spring from the lover's hungry lips exhaust his wasted body and madden the fevered spirit. Wounded and bleeding was he when the light of Isolde's eyes first shone upon him; wounded and bleeding will he now welcome her to Kareol. Rising from his couch, he tears the bandages from his breast, and exults in his delirium as the red stream merrily flows from the gaping wound. He reels towards the gate, to hear his loved one's impatient, rapturous cry, "Tristan! Tristan!" Overcome, he staggers backward, to be caught in her arms. But with this last embrace is the end. One word only greets Isolde—her name; and then he dies. Nought avails now her tears and caresses and wild entreaties to live, to speak again. Tristan has already entered on that journey through the land where Night doth reign, which he had told her of when they were in the garden. And the darkness is descending on her too. Bereft of consciousness of the horrible Day, Isolde sinks upon his body, while without is heard the dull murmur of voices and the clash of swords. For the king has followed hard upon her, and is now fighting for entrance to the castle. Melot, too, is there, and, as the gate is broken down, dies by Kurvenal's hand. But in the encounter this devoted friend and servant is likewise wounded unto death, and he has barely strength left to crawl to his master's side to die, his last request, as he puts his hand in Tristan's, "Chide me not, that I try to follow thee!" The actors in the tragedy are now all here—Brangäne, clasping her mistress in her arms, Mark, lamenting the loss of his hero. He had come, indeed, for the very purpose of resigning the wife who loved him not to him who had died for her love. And his haste to bring joy into their lives has but made more food for death. Then Isolde, the queen of loving women, arises conscious no more of the world around, inspired with highest passion which can find rest only in the soft embrace of death. Gazing on the eyes which even now smile to her with sweet invitation, she outpours her heart in impassioned exulting, for the dreary day can part them never more; then, transfigured with love, she sinks down again on Tristan's breast, and follows, as she had promised, her faithful guide along the road where sunlight has no gleams, to the abode of eternal Night.

Richard Wagner has written little that does not make tense the heart-strings of the listener, but throughout the range of his works there can nothing be found to equal the drama of "Tristan and Isolde" in its profound, almost unbearable effect on those who watch its performance. As we read in Malory's old legends of "the love between Sir Tristram and La Beale Isonde, the which love never departed all the days of their life," and how that "to tell the joy that was between La Beale Isonde and Sir Tristram there is no tongue can tell, nor no heart can think it, nor no pen can write it," and of the pains and dangers they endured for each other; their fate excites our lively interest and pity; but when we come to the great music-drama built on this tale of old-world passion we are stunned by its magnificence; our deepest feelings are stirred by its mystic revelation of the deep tragedy of sexual love. Pessimistic, in a sense, it may be; but, unlike so much that is understood by pessimism, it is altogether beautiful also. From the great love-sob of the prelude, to the final glorious outburst of Isolde's death-song—the apotheosis of passion—there is not a note in this

wonderful music that does not find an answering throb in the heart of the listener, not a bar that does not waken fresh emotion, or bring a new message each time we hear it repeated.

The New Concert-Hall in Langham Place.

FOR long years has musical London languished in want of a really good concert-hall. The Albert Hall is misnamed—it is a desert. The ordinary kind of concert might as well be given in the middle of Sahara as there. It possesses a remarkably fine echo: thus when (for instance) a pianoforte solo is played or a song is sung, one hears everything twice over. And though this is in excess of what you pay to hear, and there is reason to be thankful that a double charge is not made when the echo is in good working order, one is bound to wish that the two performances—the original and the echo—were either so far apart that the latter commenced just as the former finished, or that they synchronized exactly. Then again, the Albert Hall, although its interior is vast and lonely as a desert, is not charged for at desert rates: it is impossible to pay the hire unless you get a good audience. And a good audience at Albert Hall means—well, if you could take the crowd that packs St. James's Hall when Richter gives us a Wagner night, and turn it loose in Albert Hall, it simply would be unnoticeable. You would think on entering, "Here's this fellow got a few of his friends round to keep the applause going!" From every point of view, then, Albert Hall is impossible. St. James's is not so bad; but still we must remember that when filled to the last seat it barely pays for the Richter orchestra; and the only way Mr. Henschel avoids loss is by having a band which is too small for the hall. The rent is very heavy, for the directors know they have a monopoly. Princes' Hall, though useful for pianoforte recitals, is for many reasons out of the question for orchestral concerts. Occasionally a belated choral society performs a cantata there—with what financial results I know not. Perhaps not so bad as one would think; at least, I have heard of no suicides amongst conductors lately.

Up to the present, then, London has had no really convenient hall for orchestral performances. At last, it seems, we are to have it. The Queen's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, W., "is one of the finest in Europe, is most elegantly decorated and furnished, and is replete with every Modern Luxury and Comfort." What this "Modern Luxury and Comfort" with capital letters means, we are not informed. Messrs. Farley Sinkins and Robert Newman have leased the hall, and will open it in the autumn. They have engaged Mr. Frédéric H. Cowen to conduct a series of concerts, the orchestra for which "has been selected from amongst the finest instrumentalists in London." "The seating capacity of the new building being largely in excess of that of St. James's Hall, it will be possible to give these concerts at really popular prices, viz., 5s. to 1s." So say Messrs. Sinkins and Newman, and this office at any rate wishes them all success with their new project, and, provided the programmes and performances are up to the "modern standard," we will continue to give them all the support in our power. London is sadly in need of musical education, and no better education than plenty of good concerts is possible.

Mr. J. H. Greenwood.

A SUCCESSFUL TEACHER.

THESE are few better known members of the musical profession in Northern England than the subject of this sketch. In fact, the difficulty would be to find in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, the Isle of Man, Derbyshire, etc., people who do not know, at least by repute, Mr. J. H. Greenwood. But our readers are resident in all parts, and as Mr. Greenwood has had a most varied career, a brief *résumé* of his life and a few observations of his on matters musical will doubtless be read with interest.

In reply to my interrogatory as to where he was born, Mr. Greenwood replied :

"I was born in Manchester, and in Manchester I have remained. My parents were musical, and at the early age of six I was a chorister boy at St. Andrew's Church. Some little while after, and during the late Alderman Nicholls' time, I was introduced to Benjamin R. Murray, Esq., cotton spinner. This gentleman took such a great interest in me that he paid for my musical education, and also secured for me the position of organist at St. Thomas's Church, Ardwick. I was then but sixteen years old. I am deeply indebted to Mr. Murray, and could never forget his many kindnesses.

"Being also a teacher at that time at Mayfield School, I taught the boys singing, and I was able to have a double choir at the church. It was considered the best voluntary choir in Manchester.

"Having a knowledge from experience of voices, I began to teach singing together with piano and organ. Playing at concerts, different artists used to come for rehearsals, and I noticed the different production of voice. Where one would give me great pleasure, another would do quite the reverse. I made voice production my special study, and at the age of twenty I had a vocal society of ninety voices, at Longsight, Mr. J. Barrow, of the Manchester Cathedral, being one of them."

"I believe you have had as pupils some of our best known local vocalists?" I said.

"Yes, I have," said Mr. Greenwood. "And not only can I claim credit for the tutelage of a very large number of what may be termed 'local' singers, but some of my former pupils are at the present time in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, the Turner Opera Company, D'Oyly Carte's Companies, and other equally lucrative and advanced positions throughout the musical profession.

"My next change was to remove as organist to All Saints' Church, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, which position I still hold. I was the first to introduce musical services on Sunday afternoons, and so successful have they been that other churches now follow the example we set them. They are now a recognised institution in all parts of the country."

"You have also been successful as a teacher of the piano and organ, have you not?" I next asked.

"I have, I am happy to say," replied Mr. Greenwood. "Yes, there are quite a number of teachers of those instruments now who were formerly pupils of mine, and I like to see them getting on."

I may here remark that a few weeks ago Mr. Greenwood celebrated his silver wedding, and the congregation of All Saints' Church took the

opportunity of making a most handsome present to Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood. The presentation took the form of a magnificent illuminated address and silver tea service. These Mr. Greenwood exhibited to me with a pleasure which was very natural. They are both worthy alike of the donors and the recipients.

I inquired if Mr. Greenwood, with his many duties, had composed any music.

"Oh yes," responded our friend, "I have composed several pieces, but I haven't the time to bother with it. For three seasons I have been conductor of the orchestra at Falcon Cliff, Douglas, where I had a fine band, performing a number of classical works, as well as those of a lighter nature."

Now, singular as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that in addition to the duties I have noted above, Mr. Greenwood is also a very clever drawing-room entertainer or humorist. So successful has he proved, that on one occasion the *Manchester Guardian*, in criticising an entertainment in which Mr. Greenwood took part, said, "he was entitled to the mantle of the late John Parry," and that "he was a musician first and a humorist afterwards." I asked Mr. Greenwood if he found it hard to combine the teaching of singing, etc., with the concert platform.

"Yes," he replied, "very hard at times. Why, I often have to dress in evening costume as early as nine o'clock in the morning and be ready at a moment after teaching to jump into a hansom, and drive to the station, and go about sixty or seventy miles and give an hour's sketch—but still I like it; it varies the monotony of teaching. The longest journey on that account I ever did was to go to London, thence to Ramsgate, and give at the South Eastern College a two hours' entertainment. I went in the place of Corney Grain, the well-known humorist. Even when I have been at Falcon Cliff I have every day of the season given a sketch of half an hour's duration."

I remarked that Mr. Greenwood scarcely looked the age that he must be to celebrate twenty-five years of married life, and he laughingly said :

"Well, you see, I have always been active, and there is nothing like activity for health, and to keep you, as it were, always young. I have often laughed when I have been at concerts, and people asked me if I am J. H. Greenwood's son, the organist. Only the other day a well-known friend of mine, Mr. Joseph Bracewell, came up to me and said, 'Well, Johnnie, I was just going to ask you how your father was.'"

"Are any of your family musical, Mr. Greenwood?"

"Yes, all. We have a family of five. My eldest, Frank, is a pianist of fair ability, and has an alto voice of good quality; Harry, my second boy, is organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas's Church, Heaton Chapel; my third son, J. H., jun., is a violinist, and was my leader at Falcon Cliff last season; my daughter sings for me at All Saints', and my youngest is the leading treble at the same church, so you see we are all musical. I intend during October to devote two nights to give my pupils a chance of singing before the public. I believe in it, and so I do it annually. I shall have about forty-five pupils singing."

As I leave Mr. Greenwood he assures me that he will always (if spared) be found at All Saints' Church; and so passionately fond of singing is he that he always sings the whole service through with his choir.

W. K. M.

In the Back Office.

THE CYNIC. You've heard Sims Reeves, of course.

OUR CRITIC. Most decidedly.

THE CYNIC. Well, I went, too, expecting merely to see him.

OUR CRITIC. Oh! I didn't think the old boy would disappoint on a special occasion like that. I felt certain he would sing.

THE CYNIC. So did I; but I wasn't by any means so certain I would be able to hear him; he is getting on for seventy-five, I believe, and I have never heard that people get a second voice as they get their second sight, and—not infrequently—second childhood.

OUR CRITIC. Yes, it is a trifle curious; but I heard people say that his voice has improved since his "farewell" some years ago.

THE CYNIC. Ah! his farewell. How is it Byron sings?

"Farewell, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well!"

OUR CRITIC. I don't think you're quoting correctly; but all the same I quite expect there will be some strong feeling expressed soon about this "It may be for years, it may be for ever" kind of adieu to the concert platform.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. There won't be any feeling, you bet!

THE CYNIC. Hillo! you there?

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Yes, I'm here; and I tell you, if singers go on appearing after their final appearances, then the farewell-tour biz. will soon be "bust up." People will say, "Why should I pay two guineas to hear Madame Kathleen-Mavourneen-Screecher's farewell, when I'll hear her for a couple of bob at next year's Proms?" So the game will be spoiled, and singers won't retire until they really mean it.

THE CYNIC. A trifle vulgar, but clever and—I'm inclined to think—true!

OUR CRITIC. For my part, I don't see why a man like Sims Reeves should stand out against tempting offers, although he had "retired." He undoubtedly went into the background because he thought his time was past, and, finding it wasn't, it is an all-round benefit that he has come out again.

THE REPUBLICAN. Of all the surprising things in our present surprising social system, the greatest is the enormous "cheek" developed by people who need it. Take the case of a royal princess, for instance. She cannot play the piano, and knows she cannot; she cannot paint, and knows she cannot; she knows she cannot play the violin, nor sing beautifully, nor write charming poetry. Yet when the society scandal-paragraphist chronicles that she does all these things, and does them well, she graciously acquiesces—poses as a genius who will never be able to show her powers because of her high birth! She stands there—a half-grown thing of eighteen or nineteen—with as much "cheek" as the greatest scoundrel who ever floated a bogus company!

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY (*inexpressibly shocked*). Come, come! How do *you* know she poses; how do *you* know she does not laugh at the miserable society-chronicler; how do *you* know she cannot do some things passably well?

THE CYNIC. Hear, hear! Our red-capped friend will insist upon tomahawking poor princesses and princesses, who, perhaps, are of no use, but do no harm to anyone; whilst, if he would attack the manager who pretends to be "part-author" of every play he produces, or the composer who pays to have his opera produced, and

tries to sell it on the strength of that production, he might do some good in the world. You fire your blunderbuss at an illusion!

OUR CRITIC. The fact is, we're all far too much given to finding fault, to criticising, analysing, pulling to pieces, instead of enforcing the claims of the thing that is good, and generally trying to build up.

THE IDEALIST. The one wise thing I've heard you say, Mr. Critic!

THE CYNIC. The one? But I believe there is something in it.

THE IDEALIST. Something?—everything!

THE REPUBLICAN. Well, then, how would you improve the present state of things?

THE IDEALIST. Why, showing what is lovely and of good report, letting the evil slide into forgetfulness. Instead of saying "Mr. Thomas Rott's music is bad," I would preach that Mozart's is good; and, if possible, pension T. Rott, on condition that he will write no more.

THE CYNIC. And the College of Organists, for instance?

THE IDEALIST. The College of Organists will remain the College of Pedants just so long as the majority of organists are pedants. Convert them, and you will soon see the College of Organists become a body of good report.

THE CYNIC. You would never hit, then?

THE IDEALIST. Well, rarely! If I found a man or an institution were doing great harm, and irreconcilable and incorrigible, I might be inclined to give him or it a severe blow when the time was ripe. But your sharp-shooting, and general snapping at the heels of an abuse, instead of at once blowing it to pieces or biting its head off, is most pitiable. It is not done with a good, or, indeed, any definite end in view, but merely for L. S. D. In fact, you would be awfully disappointed if the abuses were destroyed, for your vocation would be gone. That is why most reformers are so furiously attacked by the very people who have just been attacking abuses. You know the abuse and not the reformer is your friend; the reformer, and not the abuse, your enemy!

THE CYNIC. Heavens! This is the man who won't "hit"! My work in this club is gone; you must go—I always knew it—to the idealist for true cynicism!

Our Leading English Organists.

1. DR. WILLIAM REA.

DR. REA had so long been known as one of the greatest of living organists, and his biography has been written so many times and in so many places, that my readers will not thank me to once again go over the familiar story of where and when he was born, the organs he has played upon, the great and little musicians he has known. He is too great himself to need the help of the dubious and second-hand glory that clings to the skirt of him that hath spoken with Mendelssohn, and such second or third-rate Apollos as Ferdinand Hiller, "Old Sam" Wesley and the late Sir George Macfarren. I propose here merely to refresh my readers' memories by the bare outline of Dr. Rea's biography; and then to devote the remainder of my space to a contribution towards the history of English music in the

shape of a discussion on (1) my subject's relation to the great musical movements of the time, and (2) his position as an organist and composer.

To begin, musical doctors—unlike poets—are made, not born; and William Rea was not a musical doctor when he was born—as all very young gentlemen are—and born in London—which all very young gentlemen are not—in 1827. He began his musical studies at the age of seven. When nine he played at St. Benet's Church, Gracechurch Street; at ten he was articulated for three years to Josiah Pittman—who was then organist at Christ Church, Spitalfields; he left Pittman when his time was up to go to Sterndale Bennett for piano and composition; and at the age of sixteen was appointed organist to Christ Church, Watney Street, E. His next berth was St. Andrew Undershaft, which he did not leave until 1858, when he accepted the offer of the Rev. C. Kemble to become organist of St. Michael's, Stockwell. But in 1849 he got leave of absence and went to Leipzig, studying piano-playing with Moscheles and theory with Richter, the latter a famous contrapuntist of the old school. He went on to Dresden and Prague, and then returned to England, bringing a pile of Schumann's music, which he was, perhaps, the first to play in England. "I lent the parcel to Noble, he lent it to Alfred Holmes, and Holmes lent it to Cipriani Potter, then principal of the R.A.M. Thus I did something to make Schumann known in England." In 1854 or 1855, Dr. Rea founded a choir called the Polyhymnia—made up of one hundred men's voices. He trained these carefully, and a great sensation was made by the first public performance. Sir George Macfarren said in 1862 that it was "superior in precision, light and shade, and general effect, to any vocal body I have heard." During the next few years Dr. Rea played, conducted, saw his music produced at good concerts, and was, in a word, making a good position in the Metropolis, when the Newcastle Corporation advertised for an organist, the salary to be £150 a year. Dr. Rea competed for the place and got it. Smart and Best being the umpires. This is all of Dr. Rea's biography I intend to give, the rest is bound up in an account of the musical history he has made.

Probably the large majority of my readers live or have lived in a provincial town. They know the awful blankness of the days; how an occasional visit from the Carl Rosa Company is a heaven-sent boon; how the oratorio or cantata performed by the local choral society (say) once in three months, is anticipated from the day succeeding the last performance; how even a ballad-concert of the dreariest type is hailed as a relief and accepted joyfully, if the programme contains a couple of good songs to be sung by passable artists. They know, too, how as a consequence of this musical barrenness the average provincial is destitute of interest in music, not knowing and not caring whether Bach, Handel or Mozart wrote the "Jupiter" Symphony, or whether those composers died yesterday or a hundred years yesterday; complacently content in the full knowledge that Sullivan wrote "The Lost Chord" and "The Mikado," and that trade seems likely to continue good. This is the provincial and provincial town of to-day, when the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC goes into the far corners of the earth and ceases not to preach the gospel. What must have been the state of music when Dr. Rea went to Newcastle in 1860, thirty-three years ago? To say the truth, there was then practically no music there. To this place of horrors, Dr. Rea went with a firm determination to convert and educate its inhabitants. His reception was of the sort which might be expected by anyone

who knows the older type of Newcastle people. A stranger passed through a pit-village. "Whe's that, Geordie?" asked one pitman. "An divn't knoa," replied the other. "Then hoy a brick at him." The Newcastle people were much like this hero. They didn't "hoy" bricks, for they had the police amongst them. But for many years every imaginable and unimaginable difficulty was put in Dr. Rea's way; and not the smallest of these was (to put it mildly) the wretchedly inadequate organ in the Town Hall, upon which he was doomed to perform, and the utter indifference of the Corporation, and their persistent refusal to improve it. Dr. Rea got Schulze, the great German organ-builder, to examine the instrument, and he offered to practically reconstruct it and add a fourth keyboard, for £500. The heroic Corporation said it was absurd to suppose that a "new organ" should require that amount to be spent on it. The "new organ" was second-hand, costing only £2,000, including hydraulic blower; since Schulze made his offer, considerably more than £500 has been spent in patching it, and it is now no better than it was at first.

From the time he settled in Newcastle, Dr. Rea exercised a great influence on those with whom he came in contact, but it was not until 1866 that he felt himself sufficiently strong to attack the general public. This he did by beginning a series of orchestral concerts, which ran for every night of a month each year. The principal players—Carrodus, Hann, Radcliffe, Harper and others—came down from London, the full number being made up by the best of the local men; they rehearsed every morning, and played at the concert in the evening. These are a few of the works played at the 1869 series: Beethoven—Symphonies 3, 5, 6, and the Scherzo of 9; overture to "Fidelio"; piano-concerto in C minor, violin-concerto in D. Mendelssohn—Symphonies 3 and 4; overtures "Ruy Blas" and "Fingal's Cave"; piano and violin-concertos; and the whole of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Mozart and Haydn were largely drawn upon; and Schumann's 1st Symphony in B flat was produced, probably at that early date for the first time in England. But, indeed, all Dr. Rea's programmes show singular daring. At one of this same 1869 series the "Tannhäuser" overture was played, and, next year, the "Tristan und Isolde" prelude. Moreover, a number of oratorios were interspersed with the orchestral nights; thus, "The Messiah," "The Creation," "The Hymn of Praise," "Stabat Mater" (Rossini's), and "Elijah" were sung in '69. But I might run on for several pages giving the tremendous list of important works produced by Dr. Rea. The work must have been enormous, and it was its own and only reward. There was a regular loss of one or two hundred pounds a year; and Mr. Williamson, a local magnate and a staunch supporter of Dr. Rea, regularly paid up, urging his friend to go on. After some years the festival-month was stopped; but it had done its work. We read of negroes that they are good mathematicians up to a certain point, beyond which their brain cannot go, failing to grasp the more complex problems. So I imagine with the bulk of the Newcastle people. Dr. Rea had educated them as far as their faculties would permit. So for a few years he confined himself to his choral society and occasional concerts. But in 1880 or thereabouts, he made an endeavour to bring the even more uneducated folk under the influence of music. The People's Concerts were cheap, the music was good, and they "drew" enormously from the very first. To an extent, they emptied the music-halls and the drinking-bars, and the proprietors of these concerns loved Dr. Rea accordingly. More recently, however, Dr. Rea

stopped the series; and now his work is confined to his own choir—one of the best in England—to his church work, the South-Shields Choral Society, the Newcastle "Amateur Vocal Society," and a few trifling ventures of the kind, any one of which would be sufficient for an ordinary man. It is hardly necessary to sum up all this. I need only remind my readers that such musical history as North England possesses has been made solely by Dr. Rea. His influence has been far-reaching. His example encouraged other towns to do likewise; he set a standard in chorus-singing which—I say it advisedly—few other choirs in the world have reached; and the fact that he has always been ready to produce new works has had greater results in impelling composers to produce than one is inclined to think.

I have considered Dr. Rea chiefly as an educational influence; it remains only to speak of him as an artist. He is not very widely known as a composer, having published little. But of that little, three organ pieces—published by Augener—will last as long as there are organs and people to play them. His powers as a choir-trainer and conductor are sufficiently indicated above. But it is—in my opinion—as an organist that Dr. Rea is supremely great, and I do not use the word as it is applied to Jem Mace, the "great" slogger. Organ-playing is a noble branch of music, and in that branch Dr. Rea has few equals. We have not in London at the present day many organists to be compared with him. His technique is perfect; he knows every "effect" of which the organ is capable; he reads into the very heart of the masterpieces. He knows how to combine the maximum of subtlety with the maximum of breadth. So that when he plays (for instance) Bach, you may not agree with his reading, but you must acknowledge the splendour of his conception, and the combined delicacy, force and imaginativeness with which that conception is presented. Dr. Rea is one of the world's great organists.

I have omitted to mention that Dr. Rea was the means of Glasgow commencing the series of concerts which, under Mr. Manns, have become so famous. In my possession is a programme in which the directors acknowledge his "valuable assistance." He conducted a part of the first concert. A list of the works Dr. Rea has performed in Newcastle would include Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony, Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Randegger's "Fridolin," Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," MacCunn's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride," Berlioz's "Faust," and the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Lohengrin." Want of space prevents my referring to the good work done by the Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society and the South Shields Choral Society, both healthy and energetic bodies.

J. F. R.

At a recent concert given by the band of the Sixth Battalion of German Engineers at Neisse, in Silesia, an interesting attempt was made to illustrate the development of military music from the thirteenth century to the present time. One of the items was entitled, "English War March from Wales," composed about 1300. This piece should be a curiosity.

GLASGOW SELECT CHOIR PRIZE COMPETITION.—As would be seen from our columns, this choir recently offered a prize for the best original setting of Burns' poem, "The Jolly Beggars." The compositions having been adjudicated upon by Dr. Prout, London, Professor Niecks, Edinburgh, and Principal Macbeth, Glasgow, the prize has been unanimously awarded to Mr. J. More Smieton, Dundee.

Franz Liszt.

DESCRIBED BY SOME OF HIS MUSICAL CONTEMPORARIES.

VON LENZ.

THE Russian councillor and the author of the well-known work, "Beethoven et ses trois styles," has contributed quite a small library of articles on Liszt, but as it is impossible to quote all of them, we select the following, which refers more particularly to his own intimacy and first acquaintance with the great musician:

"In 1828 I had come to Paris, at the age of nineteen, to continue my studies there, and, moreover, as before, to take lessons on the piano; now, however, with Kalkbrenner. Kalkbrenner was a man of Hebrew extraction, born in Berlin; and in Paris, under Charles X., he was the Joconde of the drawing-room piano. Kalkbrenner was a Knight of the Legion of Honour; and the fair Camille Mock, afterwards Madame Pleyel, who was not indifferent to Chopin or Liszt, was the favourite pupil of the irresistible Kalkbrenner. I heard her, between Kalkbrenner and Onslow, play in the sextuor of the last-named composer at the house of Baron Trémont, a tame musical Maecenas of that day in Paris. She played the piano as a pretty Parisian wears an elegant shoe. Nevertheless I was in danger of becoming Kalkbrenner's pupil, but my stars and Liszt willed it otherwise. Already on the way to Kalkbrenner (who plays a note of his now?), I came to the Boulevards, and read on the theatre bills of the day, which had much attraction for me, the announcement of an extra concert to be given by M. Liszt at the Conservatoire (it was in November), with the piano concerto of Beethoven, in E flat, at the head. At that time Beethoven was, and not in Paris only, a Paracelsus in the concert-room. I only knew this much of him, that I had been very much afraid of the very black-looking notes in his D major trio and choral fantasia, which I had once and again looked over in a music-shop of my native town, Riga, in which there was much more done in business than in music.

"If anyone had told me as I stood there, innocently, and learned from the porter that there were such things as piano concertos by Beethoven, that I should ever write six volumes in German, and two in French, on Beethoven! I had heard of a septett, but the musician who wrote that was called J. N. Hummel. "From the bill on the Boulevards I concluded, however, that anyone who could play a concerto of Beethoven in public must be a very wonderful fellow, and of quite a different breed from Kalkbrenner, the composer of the fantasia, 'Effusio Musica.' That this 'Effusio' was mere rubbish I already understood, young and heedless though I was.

"In this way, on the then fateful Boulevards of Paris, I met for the first time in my life the name of Liszt, which was to fill the world. This bill of the concert was destined to exert an important influence on my life. I can still see, after so many years, the colours of the important paper—thick monster letters on a yellow ground—the fashionable colour at the time in Paris. I went straight to Schlesinger's, then the Musical Exchange of Paris, Rue Richelieu.

"Where does M. Liszt live? I asked, and pronounced it *Lits*, for the Parisians have never got any further with the name of Liszt than *Lits*.

"The address of Liszt was Rue Montholon; they gave it me at Schlesinger's without hesitation. But when I asked the price of *Lits*, and expressed my wish to take lessons from him, they all laughed at me, and the shopmen behind the counters tittered, and all said at once, 'He never gives a lesson; he is no professor of the piano!'

"I felt that I must have asked something very foolish. But the answer, no professor of the piano, pleased me nevertheless, and I went straightway to the Rue Montholon.

"Liszt was at home. That was a great rarity, said his mother, an excellent woman, with a true German heart, who pleased me very much; her Franz was almost always in church, and no longer occupied

himself with music at all. Those were the days when Liszt wished to become a Saint-Simonist. It was a great time, and Paris the centre of the world. There lived Rossini and Cherubini, also Auber, Halévy, Berlioz, and the great violinist, Bailiot; the poet, Victor Hugo, had lately published his 'Orientales,' and Lamartine was recovering from the exertion of his 'Méditations Poétiques.' Georges Sand was not yet fairly discovered; Chopin not yet in Paris. Marie Taglioni danced tragedies at the Grand Opera; Habeneck, a German conductor, directed the picked orchestra of the Conservatoire, where the Parisians, a year after Beethoven's death, for the first time heard something of him. Malibran and Sontag sang at the Italian Opera the Touremant duet in 'Tancrède.' It was in the winter of 1828-9 Bailiot played quartets; Rossini gave his 'Guillaume Tell' in the spring.

"In Liszt I found a thin, pale-looking young man, with infinitely attractive features. He was lounging, deep in thought, lost in himself, on a broad sofa, and smoking a long Turkish pipe, with three pianos standing round him. He made not the slightest movement on my entrance, but rather appeared not to notice me at all. When I explained to him that my family had directed me to Kalkbrenner, but I came to him because he wished to play a concerto by Beethoven in public, he seemed to smile. But it was only as the glitter of a dagger in the sun.

"Play me something," he said, with indescribable satire, which, however, had nothing to wound in it, just as no harm is done by summer lightning.

"I play the sonata for the left hand (pour le main gauche principale), by Kalkbrenner," I said, and thought I had said something correct.

"That I will not hear; I don't know it, and don't wish to," he answered, with increased satire and repressed scorn.

"I felt that I was playing a pitiful part—doing penance, perhaps, for others, for Parisians; but I said to myself, the more I looked at this young man, that this Parisian (for such he seemed to be by his whole appearance) must be a genius, and I would not, without further skirmishes, be beaten off the field. I went with modest but firm step to the pianoforte standing nearest to me.

"Not that one!" cried Liszt, without in the least changing his half-reclining position on the sofa; 'there, to that other one.'

"I stepped to the second piano. At that time I was absorbed in the 'Aufforderung zum Tanz'; I had married it for love two years before, and we were still in our honeymoon. I came from Riga, where, after the unexampled success of the 'Freischütz,' we had reached the piano compositions of Weber, which did not happen till long after in Paris, where the 'Freischütz' was called 'Robin des Bois' (!). I learnt from good masters. When I tried to play the first three A flats of the 'Aufforderung,' the instrument gave no sound. What was the matter? I played forcibly, and the notes sounded quite *piano*. I seemed to myself quite laughable, but, without taking any notice, I went bravely on to the first entry of the chords; then Liszt rose, stepped up to me, took my right hand without more ado off the instrument, and asked:

"What is that? That begins well!"

"I should think so," I said; 'that is by Weber.'

"Has he written for the piano, too?" he asked with astonishment. 'We only know here the "Robin des Bois."'

"Certainly he has written for the piano, and more finely than anyone!" was my equally astonished answer. 'I have in my trunk,' I added, 'two polonaises, two rondos, four sets of variations, four vologas, one which I learned with Vehrstaedt in Geneva, which contains the whole of Switzerland, and is incredibly beautiful; there all the fair women smile at once. It is in A flat. You can have no idea how beautiful it is! Nobody has written so for the piano, you may believe me.'

"I spoke from my heart, and with such conviction, that I made a visible impression on Liszt. He answered in a winning tone: 'Now, pray bring me all that out of your trunk, and I will give you lessons for the first time in my life, because you have introduced me to Weber on the piano, and also were not frightened at this heavy instrument. I ordered it on

purpose, so as to have played ten scales when I had played one. It is an altogether impracticable piano. It was a sorry joke of mine. But why did you talk about Kalkbrenner, and a sonata by him for the left hand? But now play me that thing of yours that begins so seriously. There, that is one of the finest instruments in Paris—there, where you were going to sit down first.

"Now I played with all my heart the 'Auforderung,' but only the melody marked *wiegand*, in two parts. Liszt was charmed with the composition. 'Now bring that,' he said; 'I must have a turn at that!'

"At our first lesson Liszt could not tear himself away from the piece. He repeated single parts again and again, sought increased effects, gave the second part of the minor in octaves, and was inexhaustible in praise of Weber. With Weber's sonata in A flat Liszt was perfectly delighted. I had studied it in much love with Vehrstaedt at Geneva, and gave it throughout in the spirit of the thing. This Liszt testified by the way in which he listened, by lively gestures and movements, by exclamations about the beauty of the composition, so that we worked at it with both our heads! This great romantic poem for the piano begins, as is well-known, with a tremolo of the bass on A flat. Never had a sonata opened in such a manner! It is as sunshine over the enchanted grove in which the action takes place. The restlessness of my master became so great over the first part of this Allegro, that even before its close he pushed me aside with the words, 'Wait! wait! What is that? I must go at that myself!' Such an experience one had never met with. Imagine a genius like Liszt, twenty years old, for the first time in the presence of such a master-composition of Weber, before the apparition of this knight in golden armour!

"He tried this first part over and over again with the most various intentions. At the passage in the dominant (E flat) at the close of the first part (a *passage*, properly speaking, the sonata has not; one might call it a charming clarinet phrase interwoven with the idea), Liszt said, 'It is marked *legato*. Now, would not one do it better *pp.* and *staccato*? Yet there is a *leggeramente* as well.' He experimented in all directions. In this way it was given me to observe how one genius looks upon another, and appreciates him for himself.

"Now what is the second part of the first Allegro like?" asked Liszt, and looked at it. It seemed to me simply impossible that anyone could read at sight this thematic development, with octaves piled one on another for whole pages.

"This is very difficult," said Liszt, 'yet harder still is the coda, and the combining of the whole in this close, here at this centrifugal figure (thirteenth bar before the end). The passage (in the second part, naturally in the original key of A flat), moreover, we must not play *staccato*; that would be somewhat affected; but we must also not play it *legato*, it is too thin for that. We'll do it *spiccato*; let us swim between the two waters.'

"If I had wondered at the fire and life, the pervading passion in the delivery of the first part by Liszt, I was absolutely astonished in the second part at his triumphant repose and certainty, and the self-control with which he reserved all his force for the last attack. 'So young, and so wise!' I said to myself, and was bewildered, absorbed, discouraged.

"In the Andante of the sonata I learnt in the first four bars more from Liszt than in years from my former good teachers. 'You must give out this opening just as Baillot plays a quartet; the accompanying parts consist of the detached semiquavers, but Baillot's parts are very good, and yours must not be worse. You have a good hand and can learn it. Try it, it is not easy; one might move stones with it. I can just imagine how the hussars of the piano tear it to pieces! I shall never forget that it is through you I have learnt to know the sonata. Now you shall learn something from me; I will tell you all I know about our instrument.'

"The demi-semiquaver figure in the bass (at the thirty-fifth bar of this Andante) is heard only too often given out as a 'passage' for the left hand; the figure should be delivered *caressingly*—it should be an amorous violoncello solo. In this manner Liszt

played it, but gave out in fearful majesty the outburst of octaves on the second subject in C major, that Henselt calls the 'Ten Commandments'—an excellent designation. And now, as for the Menuetto Capriccioso and Rondo of the sonata. How shall I describe what Liszt made of these genial movements on a first acquaintance? How he treated the clarinet solo in the trio of the Menuetto, and the windings of the Rondo! How Liszt glorified Weber on the piano, how, like an Alexander, he marched in triumphal procession with Weber (especially in the 'Concertstück') through Europe, the world knows, and future times will speak of it."

BERLIOZ.

M. Daniel Bernard, in the preface to Berlioz's published "Correspondence," gives the following account of Liszt's evenings with the great French composer and his first wife:

"The first years of their married life were full of both hardship and charm. The new establishment, the revenues of which amounted, to begin with, to a lump sum of 300 francs, was migratory—at one time in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Marc, at another at Montmartre, and then in a certain Rue Saint-Denis, of which it is impossible now to find a trace. Liszt lived in the Rue de Province, and paid frequent visits to the young couple; they spent many evenings together, when the great pianist would play Beethoven's sonatas in the dark, in order to produce a greater impression. In his turn, Berlioz took up the cudgels for his friend in the newspapers to which he was accustomed to contribute—the *Correspondant*, the *Revue Européenne*, and, lastly, the *Débats*. How angry he became when the volatile Parisians attempted to espouse the cause of Thalberg against his rival! A lion showing his teeth could not have appeared more formidable. Death to him who dared to say Liszt was not the first pianist of all time, past, present, and to come! And when the critics enunciated any musical axiom as being beyond discussion, he really thought it so, for he never went against his own convictions, and bore himself in regard to mediocrities with a contempt savouring of rudeness. Liszt, after all, gave him back measure for measure, transcribing the 'Symphonie Fantastique,' and playing at the numerous concerts which the young *maestro* gave during the winter with ever-increasing success."

In 1830, after many repeated failures, Berlioz won the much-coveted "Prix de Rome," at the Paris Conservatoire, which entitled him to reside three years in Italy at the expense of the French Government. Before he started for the musical land of promise, Berlioz gave two concerts, and relates, in his "Memoirs," the circumstance under which he first became acquainted with Liszt:

"On the day before the concert I received a visit from Liszt, whom I had never yet seen. I spoke to him of Goethe's 'Faust,' which he was obliged to confess he had not read, but about which he soon became as enthusiastic as myself. We were strongly attracted to one another, and our friendship has increased in warmth and depth ever since. He was present at the concert, and excited general attention by his applause and enthusiasm."

When Berlioz gave his first concert in Paris, after his return from Italy, he wrote:

"Weber's 'Concertstück,' played by Liszt with the overpowering vehemence which he always puts into it, obtained a splendid success. Indeed, I so far forgot myself, in my enthusiasm for Liszt, as publicly to embrace him on the stage—a stupid impropriety which might have covered us both with ridicule had the spectators been disposed to laugh."

Liszt and Berlioz's intimacy was renewed at Prague, as will be seen from the composer's account:

"I gave six concerts at Prague, either in the theatre or in Sophie's concert-room. At the latter, I remember to have had the delight of performing my symphony of 'Romeo and Juliet' for Liszt for

the first time. Several movements of the work were already known in Prague. . . .

"That day, having already encored several pieces, the public called for another, which the band implored me not to repeat; but, as the shouts continued, M. Mildner took out his watch and held it up to show that the hour was too far advanced to allow of the orchestra remaining till the end of the concert if the piece were played a second time, since there was an opera at seven o'clock. This clever pantomime saved us. At the end of the *stance*, just as I was begging Liszt to serve as my interpreter, and thank the excellent singers, who had been devoting themselves to the careful study of my choruses for the last three weeks, and had sung them so bravely, he was interrupted by them with an inverse proposal. Having exchanged a few words with them in German, he turned to me and said: 'My commission is changed: these gentlemen rather desire me to thank you for the pleasure you have given them in allowing them to perform your work, and to express their delight at your evident satisfaction.'

At a banquet in honour of Berlioz, the composer says:

"Liszt was unanimously chosen to make the presentation speech instead of the chairman, who had not sufficient acquaintance with the French language. At the first toast he made me, in the name of the assembly, an address at least a quarter of an hour long, with a warmth of spirit, an abundance of ideas, and a choice of expressions which excited the envy of the orators present, and by which I was profoundly touched. Unhappily, if he spoke well, he also drank well—the treacherous cup inaugurated by the *convives* held such floods of champagne that all Liszt's eloquence made shipwreck in it. Belloni and I were still in the streets of Prague at two o'clock in the morning persuading him to wait for daylight before exchanging shots, at two paces, with a Bohemian who had drunk better than himself. When day came we were not without anxiety about Liszt, whose concert was to take place at noon. At half-past eleven he was still sleeping; at last someone awoke him; he jumped into a cab, reached the hall, was received with three rounds of applause, and played as, I believe, he had never played in his life before."

Berlioz, in his "A Travers Chants," relates the following incident:

"One day Liszt was playing the Adagio of Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor before a little circle of friends, of which I formed part, and followed the manner he had then adopted to gain the applause of the fashionable world. Instead of those long-sustained notes, and instead of strict uniformity of rhythm, he inflated it with trills and the *tremolo*. I suffered cruelly, I must confess—more than I have ever suffered in hearing our wretched cantatrices embroider the grand air in the 'Freischütz'; for to this torture was added my distress at seeing an artist of his stamp falling into the snare which, as a rule, only besets mediocrities. But what was to be done? Liszt was then like a child who, when he tumbles, likes to have no notice taken, but picks himself up without a word, and cries if anybody holds him out a hand. He had picked himself up splendidly. A few years afterwards, one of those men of heart and soul that artists are always happy to come across (M. Legouvé), had invited a small party of friends—I was one of them. Liszt came during the evening, and, finding the conversation engaged on the valuable piece by Weber, and why, when he played it at a recent concert, he had received a rather sorry reception, he went to the piano to reply in this manner to Weber's antagonists. The argument was unanswerable, and we were obliged to acknowledge that a work of genius was misunderstood. As he was about to finish, the lamp which lighted the apartment appeared very soon to go out; one of us was going to relight it: 'Leave it alone,' I said to him; 'if he will play the Adagio of Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, this twilight will not spoil it.'

"Willingly," said Liszt; 'but put the lights out altogether; cover the fire, that the obscurity may be more complete.' Then, in the midst of darkness, after a moment's pause, rose in its sublime simplicity the

noble elegy he had once so strangely disfigured; not a note, not an accent, was added to the notes and the accents of the author. It was the shade of Beethoven, conjured up by the virtuoso, to whose voice we were listening. We all trembled in silence, and when the last chord had sounded no one spoke—we were in tears."

Berlioz, in a letter to Liszt, wrote as follows to the pianist on his playing:

"On my return from Heckingen I stayed some days longer at Stuttgart, a prey to new perplexities. You, my dear Liszt, know nothing of these uncertainties: it matters little to you whether the town to which you go has a good orchestra, whether the theatre be open, or the manager place it at your disposal, etc. Of what use, indeed, would such information be to you? With a slight modification of the famous *mot* of Louis XIV., you may say with confidence, I myself am orchestra, chorus, and conductor. I make my piano dream or sing at pleasure, re-echo with exulting harmonies, and rival the most skilful bow in swiftness. Neither theatre, nor long rehearsals, for I want neither musicians nor music. Give me a large room, and a grand piano, and I am at once master of a great audience. I have but to appear before it to be overwhelmed with applause. My memory awakens, my fingers give birth to dazzling fantasias which call forth enthusiastic acclamations. I have but to play Schubert's 'Ave Maria' or Beethoven's 'Adelaide' to draw every heart to myself, and make each one hold his breath. The silence speaks; admiration is intense and profound. Then come the fiery shells, a veritable bouquet of grand fireworks, the acclamations of the public, flowers and wreaths showered upon the priest of harmony as he sits quivering on his tripod, beautiful young women kissing the hem of his garment with tears of sacred frenzy; the sincere homage of the serious, the feverish applause forced from the envious, the intent faces, the narrow hearts amazed at their own expansiveness. And perhaps next day the inspired young genius departs, leaving behind him a trail of dazzling glory and enthusiasm. It is a dream; it is one of those golden dreams inspired by the name of Liszt or Paganini. But the composer who, like myself, must travel to make his work known, has, on the contrary, to nerve himself to a task which is never-ending, still-beginning, and always unpleasant."

The well-known dramatist, Scribe, once wrote a libretto for Berlioz; but in consequence of some difficulty with the director of the Paris Grand Opera, he demanded the return of the work and handed it over to Gounod, who subsequently wrote the music. Berlioz devotes some space to these proceedings in his "Memoirs," and in the course of his remarks says:

"When I saw Scribe, on my return to Paris, he seemed slightly confused at having accepted my offer and taken back my poem. 'But, as you know,' said he, '*Il faut que le prête vive de l'autrui.*' Poor fellow! he could not, in fact, have waited; he has only some two or three hundred thousand per annum, a house in town, three country houses, etc. Liszt made a capital pun when I repeated Scribe's speech to him. 'Yes,' said he, 'by his *hotel*'—comparing Scribe to an innkeeper."

D'ORTIGUE.

D'Ortigue, who is better known in England as a theorist than as a composer and musical critic, was a great admirer of Liszt, as may be seen by the following extract from his writings:

"Beethoven is for Liszt a god, before whom he bows his head. He considered him as a deliverer, whose arrival in the musical realm has been illustrated through the liberty of poetical thought, and through the abolishing of old dominating habits. Oh, one must be present when he begins with one of those melodies, one of those poesies which have long been called symphonies! One must see his eyes when he opens them as if receiving an inspiration from above, and when he fixes them gloomily on the ground. One must see him, hear him, and be silent."

We feel here only too well how weak is the expression of our admiration. He conquers everything but his nerves; these overthrow him. He is often groaning and shaking when he plays; his head, hands, and whole body are in violent motion; in one word, you see a dreadfully nervous man agitatedly playing his pianoforte!"

BARON BLAZÉ DE BURY.

Baron Blazé de Bury, in a musical *feuilleton* contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, no doubt more in fun than ill-feeling, wrote as follows on Liszt and his Hungarian sword:

"We must have dancers, songstresses, and pianists. We have enthusiasm and gold for their *tour de force*. We abandon Petrarch in the streets to bring Essler to the Capitol; we suffer Beethoven and Weber to die of hunger, to give a sword of honour to M. Liszt."

Liszt was furious when this met his eye, and wrote immediately a long letter to the editor of the *Revue*, of which the following is the essential passage:

"The sword which has been given to me at Pesth is a reward awarded by a nation under a national form. In Hungary—in this country of ancient and chivalrous manners—the sword has a patriotic significance. It is the sign of manhood *par excellence*; it is the arm of all men who have the right to carry arms. Whilst six out of the most remarkable men of my country presented it to me, with the unanimous acclamations of my compatriots, it was to acknowledge me again as a Hungarian, after an absence of fifteen years."

OSCAR COMMETTANT.

Oscar Commettant, in one of his works, gives the following satirical sketch of Liszt in the height of his popularity in the Parisian concert-rooms:

"A certain great pianist, who is as clever a manager as he is an admirable executant, pays women at the rate of twenty-five francs per concert to pretend to faint away with pleasure in the middle of a fantasia taken at such a rapid pace that it would have been humanly impossible to finish it. The pianist abruptly left his instrument to rush to the assistance of the poor fainting lady, while everybody in the room believed that, but for that accident, the prodigious pianist would have completed the greatest of miracles. It happened one night that a woman paid to faint forgot her cue, and fell fast asleep. The pianist was performing Weber's 'Concertstück.' Reckoning on the fainting of this female to interrupt the finale of the piece, he took it in an impossible time. What could he do in such a perplexing case? Stumble and trip like a vulgar pianist, or pretend to be stopped by defective memory? No; he simply played the part which the *fainteress* (excuse the word) ought to have acted, and fainted away himself. People crowded around the pianist, who had become doubly phenomenal through his electric execution, and his frail and susceptible organisation. They carried him out into the green-room. The men applauded as if they meant to bring down the ceiling; the women waved their handkerchiefs to manifest their enthusiasm; and the *fainteress*, on waking, fainted, perhaps really, with despair of not having pretended to faint."

LEON ESCUDIER.

The once celebrated musical publisher and director of the Parisian Italian Opera season gives the following description of Danton's statuette of Liszt, which was exhibited in the Paris *Salon* half a century ago:

"The pianist is seated before a pianoforte which he is about to destroy under him. His fingers multiply at the ends of his hands; I should think so—Danton made him ten at each hand. His hair like a willow floats over his shoulder. One would say that he is whistling. Now for the account: Liszt saw the statue, and made a grimace. He found that the

sculptor had exaggerated the length of his hair. It was a criticism really pulled by the hair. Danton knew it. But, after Liszt had gone, he went again to work and made immediately a second statuette. In this, one only sees a head of hair (the pianist is seen from the back) always seated before a piano. The head of hair, which makes one think of a man hidden behind, plays the piano absolutely like the first model. All the rest is the same."

(To be continued.)

Accidentals.

—:o:—

M.

PADEREWSKI, when he is at the keyboard, earns money at the rate of about £3 15s. a minute.

* * *

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON uses music for his amusement, but when he wants real recreation he goes digging in his garden and fields.

* * *

THE famous Italian tenor, Tamagno, has been engaged for a six months' season at Buenos Ayres in 1894, for which he is to receive 500,000 fr., or £20,000.

* * *

DR. MACKENZIE seems to have been hardly used by the musical people at Chicago. They asked him to write an oratorio for them, and now they will not sing it. English musicians who have been to the World's Fair say that the whole thing is a positive burlesque, the singing wretched, and the chorus abominable.

* * *

THE widow of the great Schumann, before playing any of the composer's pieces in public, unlocks from her desk one of the love-letters he wrote her in days long gone by, and reads it over again and again, so that she "may better be able to do justice to her interpretations of the spirit of his work."

* * *

BRONISLAN HUBERMANN, a boy violinist, who is only eight years of age, has been creating quite a sensation by his wonderful playing at some of the principal watering-places on the Continent, especially at Scheveningen, where he is almost idolised.

* * *

VERDI is working on a new opera, and when Gemma Bellincioni visited him at Montecavini, where he has been staying, he promised her that she should create the title-rôle, at the same time saying, "Your youth and beauty will provide what my great age may omit."

* * *

HERR PAUER, the eminent authority on pianistic matters, has been lamenting the ignorance of too many of the present pianists with regard to the construction of the instrument on which they perform. Whilst every player on the flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, violin, or cello is intimately acquainted with the interior of his instrument, few pianists are able to describe the distinctive peculiarities of a Vienna, half-English, or English mechanism.

* * *

MISS KATE OULD, who recently made her *début* as a 'cellist at Covent Garden, is the daughter of Mr. Charles Ould, the well-known 'cellist. It was from her father that she received all her early training, and when only sixteen—she is not yet twenty-one—she was placed at the Royal Academy, where she gained signal honours.

* * *

THE Queen has a phonograph charged with airs from all her favourite operas. Madame Albani sometimes sings into it the ballads her Majesty loves.

CYRIL TYLER, the youthful vocalist who has achieved so much success at Covent Garden Theatre, is by birth a Neapolitan, and is only twelve years of age.

M. PADEREWSKI, the pianist, is at home in Poland, where he is seeking rest and recreation for awhile. On the 4th inst. he is to appear at the Norwich Musical Festival.

MR. SANTLEY'S son, Michael, is studying for the Bar. He inherits his father's love of music, but his wooing of the Muse takes place in private circles only, and takes the form of comic songs with banjo accompaniment.

WOMEN compose some of the finest dance music, and some of the best songs of the day. So says Mr. Edward Terry, whose position as musical editor for Messrs. Chappell makes him an authority on the subject.

THE Russian composer, Richard Metzdorf, who was a great friend of Liszt, has just finished an opera, "Hagbart and Signe," which will be produced at Weimar in November. Besides being a composer, he is also a painter of some renown.

THE "Nightingale of Russia," and one of the sweetest singers in Europe, is Mme. Koriboot Daskevitch, better known in her country as "Mravina." She will be one of the sensations of London during the coming season, for which she has been engaged. Her voice thrills the hearer with its mystic power.

Two of the most promising of the many clever students at Trinity College, London, are Miss Susanna Sarah Stokvis and Miss Vera Douglas Evans. Miss Stokvis, who has just gained the Henry Smart Scholarship of the college, is only 11½ years of age, and has always shown a very good ear and great talent in time-keeping and execution. In expression and style she always surpassed the expectation of her masters.

MADAME ROSSETTI, who resides at Rochester, New York, professes to be a musical medium. She takes her seat at the piano and passes into a trance, during which she plays and sings with the greatest ease and skill. She sings in five different languages, none of which does she understand; and she performs with efficiency upon various instruments without having previously learned them.

SURPRICED women choir singers have just been introduced into the Epiphany Church Choir in Washington. They wear plain gowns of white, with flowing sleeves and deep edges of black. On their heads they wear simple toques with tassels of cord.

MR. RUSKIN'S pet pastime is chess-playing. It sometimes absorbs his attention for several consecutive days. Sir Arthur Sullivan is also a devoted lover of chess.

THE Queen takes interest in young musicians who show promise. Some time ago she discovered the young daughters of one of her servants to have marked musical ability, and she at once ordered them to have, at her expense, the best teaching, with the

result that the pupils have now attained excellent positions in the musical world, and are frequently bidden to come and play to the Queen when she is at Windsor.

PRINCESS EULALIE'S little children, Prince Louis and Prince Alphonse, are living during her temporary absence from town in a small house on the borders of Epping Forest, and their daily delight is to take donkey-rides and watch the dancing round the barrel-organs that is one of the "attractions" of the district. One of the little princes was seen grinding an organ the other day, but the "trippers" were happily unconscious of the exalted position of the young music-maker.

DR. NANSEN, who has just sailed from Christiania for the purpose of finding the North Pole, has with him, says *Figaro*, a phonograph, into which his wife has sung all his favourite songs, and in which the little baby he has left as her only comfort has also uplifted his voice in a less musical manner.

A VERY charming and talented musician has carried off the Trinity College Violin Exhibition this year—Vera Douglas Evans, a little maid who only attains her tenth year at the end of next November. She is the daughter of Mme. Evans-Warwick, a well-known contralto, and was born at Westbourne Park.

MDME. CHRISTINE NILSSON has given £1,000 towards founding a hospital for the cure of throat diseases in France. This is the result of a vow made in the great prima donna's girlhood, following a painful attack of croup, for which she was carefully treated in a hospital.

MR. W. S. PENLEY, who has always had a pretty musical taste—he started his professional life as a chorister at the Savoy—will shortly blossom forth as a full-blown composer. He will be "published" in the shape of a minuet for the pianoforte next season.

CAMILLO URSO urges the employment of women in orchestras. She says that as a rule they play in better time, with greater expression, and with more certainty than the average male instrumentalist.

AMID much that has been written of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his successor, the Duke of Edinburgh, it has passed unnoticed that one royal musician has been succeeded by another. The late Duke was a very fine musician, and a composer of many operas, all of which are very much above the level of merit generally reached by amateurs.

THE new Duke has many a time and oft proved his prowess on the violin in public, and the officers and men under his command say he can play a hornpipe with the best of them. As a composer, however, he is known only by his exceedingly pretty "Galatea" waltz, which was the rage in every ballroom some nineteen years ago, and made a fortune for its publishers.

THOUGH I have never seen nor heard the coincidence mentioned, musical amateurs may be amused when playing over the "Galatea" waltz by comparing one of the motifs with a number in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Tempest" music. It must be remembered, too, that Sir Arthur was music-master to the Queen's second son.

THE Queen of the Belgians is very fond of music, and is a good pianist and a performer on the harp. She has composed one opera, called "Wanda." The King hates music, and when the piano is opened he vanishes from the room.

SIGNOR FOLI has given his opinion at King William's Town upon his South African tour. After speaking of his reception, the famous basso said: "The Johannesburg theatres are not built for full voices such as my own; they are admirable for dramatic, they are not for operatic or singing performances. The place, too, is deadly for any who have to get their living by the voice, owing to the dust."

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS says that when asked why he does not go in for some kind of sport, his reply is that where other men keep their yachts he keeps an opera house, and where others have their grouse and partridges, he has his sopranos and his baritones. After this it is to be feared that the sopranos and baritones in question may imagine that they are being made game of.

NERVOUSNESS never troubles Mme. Melba, the great singer, even on a "first night." "The greater and the more distinguished the audience," she says, "the more stimulated and braced I feel. There is something that responds to the exigency of the occasion."

Music in Portsmouth.

DURING the last three months Portsmouth and Southsea have been revelling in summer musical attractions, for which the district has attained such a high reputation. Special mention must be made of the high-class yet popular entertainments at the Clarence and South Parade Piers, which help to elevate the musical tone among their countless patrons. Among successful engagements at the Clarence Pier may be included the Burgon Opera Company, Blanche Gaston Murray, Charles Capper, J. H. Cowen, Dr. Collinson's Concert Party (Dorothy Bayly, Grace Woodward, Reginald Groome, Arthur Taylor, Henri Seiffert), Emily Himing, and Robert Grice. Two special entertainments were given under the auspices of Johnson and Scharlan, when the Scharlan part-singers, Fred Upton, McCall Chambers, Fred Russell, A. W. Sawyer, Sidney Grundy, Miss Ingelfield, Amy Sargent, Florence Venning, with the combined bands of the R.M.L.I., and 1st Vol. R.E., and 2nd Hants Vol. R.A., played both in the pavilion and outdoor kiosk, concluding with a torchlight tattoo, the whole proving a great success.

The South Parade Pier, which, under Mr. T. M. Godfrey's management, is fast gaining popularity, had secured the Anglo-Swiss Ladies' Orchestra, with Ella Swarbrick and Lucy Jarrett as vocalists. The "At Home" Company (Fanny Perfitt, Florence Croft, A. G. Pearce, Wallace Leonard, and J. M. Girdon) also were located here.

The local authorities have continued their popular Saturday Concerts at the Town Hall, which may be considered quite an educational work.

On Wednesday, Sept. 6th, at the Portland Hall, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, assisted by Florence Leaton and Mdlle. Krüger Velthuisen, gave an excellent performance; but owing, doubtless, to the many counter attractions, the audience was but small. Those who were present appreciated the cultured rendering of Mr. Kellie's compositions both by himself and artists. The favourite was "The City of Night."

The Portsmouth Orchestral Society started their practice for the winter session on Thursday, the 14th inst., under the conductorship of Mr. W. E. Churcher, with a representative programme.

Mr. S. Rounds, organist of Portsmouth Parish Church, was appointed P.G. Organist of Hants Freemasons at the last P.G. Lodge meeting.

Gosport.

M. HART.

Welsh Memo and Musings.

BY IDRIS MAENGWYN.

JOTTINGS.

WE are glad to quote that the Rhondda Male Voice Choir came off victorious in the Male Voice Competition at the Grand International Eisteddfod at Chicago, and that the Penrhyn-Dinorwic Male Voice Choir carried off the second prize.

We are pleased to announce that the first prize in the Female Choir Competition is won by the Welsh Ladies' Choir (Cardiff), conducted by Madame Clara Novello Davies.

* * *

THE Executive Committee of the Carnarvon National Eisteddfod, 1894, have been informed by Mr. Jno. Thomas, harpist to the Queen, that Messrs. Erard will contribute a prize of £10 and a gold medal in the Solo Pianoforte Competition; together with another prize of £10 and a gold medal in the harp-playing contest, and that they will send down a special grand pianoforte of their own manufacture, free of charge, for the use of the Eisteddfod. The committee have likewise decided to form an Eisteddfod choir, with Mr. Jno. Williams, organist of Christ Church, Carnarvon, as conductor, for the purpose of performing several important works at evening concerts. Among the works to be performed, a special feature will be the first public performance of a new oratorio, "St. David," by Mr. David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

* * *

MR. BEN DAVIES, the other night at a Covent Garden Promenade Concert, sang the Welsh song, "Gwlad fy ngenedigaeth" (Parry), and responded to a loud encore with another Welsh song, "O! na bydai'n Haf ahyd" (Davies).

* * *

A VERY successful festival was held at Pontypridd the other day (conducted by Mr. Dan Davies, Dowlais), in which 30,000 singers took part.

* * *

IN Mr. O. M. Edward's, M.A., little magazine, "Cymru'r plant," which is specially adapted for elementary schools in Wales, Welsh airs and Welsh patriotic songs have been appearing for some time past. In last month's number, Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., had a capital arrangement for three voices of the Welsh air, "Morfa Rhuddlau."

* * *

ONE of Mr. J. T. Rees', Mus. Bac., most recent compositions is an anthem, "Hear my prayer, O Lord" (*Gwranddo fy ngeiriau Arglwydd*). It is undoubtedly one of the best works of this talented musician, quite new in its form and having good variety. It is written with excellent accompaniment to the organ. A very worthy piece for competition at our national Eisteddfodau—Llanelli Musical Committee kindly take the hint!

* * *

AMONG our most promising young singers we have Miss Ceinwen Jones, R.A.M. (Contralto), Mr. Wm. Evans, R.A.M. (Tenor), and Mr. John Walters, R.A.M. (Baritone). Miss Jones acquitted herself admirably in her different songs at the recent Pontypridd National Eisteddfod. She possesses a very rich and fine contralto voice; and should have a successful time before her. She has recently gained a medal at the Royal Academy of Music.

Madame Patti says about the singing of Mr. Wm. Evans: "Respecting Mr. William Evans, whom I heard sing at Craig-y-Nos Castle, I was delighted with his voice, which I consider charming, and especially with the method and excellent way he has been taught."

Mr. Walters has beaten record as a vocalist at the Royal Academy of Music, in taking all the medals and prizes within the first two years, viz.: Bronze,

silver, and gold medals, Westmoreland Scholar, Evill prize, and Leslie Crotty's prize, and medal for opera.

The *West Middlesex Advertiser* says: "At Markham Square Congregational Church a very creditable performance of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was given; the bass solos were magnificently sung by Mr. J. Walters, R.A.M., and won for him golden opinions; his singing of 'Is not His word like a fire?' being particularly fine."

Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 15,461. An improved device for use as a book-rest, reading-desk, or music-stand; applicable also for carrying a lamp, candle, or the like. John Herbert Pritchard, Imperial Chambers, Albert Street, Derby. August 15th, 1893.
- 15,708. Improvements in wind musical instruments. Anton Richard Breinl, 323, High Holborn. August 18th, 1893.
- 15,756. Improvements connected with pianos. George Cecil Dymond, 6, Lord Street, Liverpool. August 19th, 1893.
- 15,782. An improved attachment to music or reading rest or support. William Shanks Watson, 6, Warwick Terrace, Stretford, near Manchester. August 21st, 1893.
- 15,980. A new or improved reversible hammer for pianoforte action. Albert Hanson, Market Place, Huddersfield. August 24th, 1893.
- 16,051. Improvements in copy and music holders. John Gardner, 70, Market Street, Manchester. August 25th, 1893.
- 16,212. Improvements in or relating to the regulation of movable dampers in zither accordions. Alfred Julius Boulton, 323, High Holborn. August 28th, 1893.
- 16,386. An invention for the better keeping in tune of pianos, harps, and stringed instruments. Henry Augustain de Crawshaw, 16, Stratton Street, Leeds. August 31st, 1893.
- 16,400. An improved method of attaching the strings to musical instruments. Ewald Glaesel, 2, Lancaster Place, London. August 31st, 1893.
- 16,494. Perfectina. A musical instrument. William Sutherland, 49, Wellington Street, Strand. September 2nd, 1893.
- 16,510. Improvements in cabinets for papers, music, and the like. Eyre Crowe and Lewis Wycherley Stone, Gatteridge Street, Banbury. September 2nd, 1893.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 15,006. Jackson. Organs. Aug. 12th, 1892.
- 15,121. Brooks Ltd. and Robinson. Pianoforte actions. Aug. 12th, 1892.
- 4,458. Palmer. Pianofortes, etc. Aug., 1893.
- 9,812. Hopkinson and others. Pianoforte action. Aug. 12th, 1893.

The above Specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Mdm. MONTI sang the grand air from 'Freischütz' in pure style."—*The Times*.
LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Solos were sung by Mdm. MONTI, who gave a fine rendering of Beethoven's air from 'Fidelio'."—*The Globe*.

JAMES G. STAGG & SONS' SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR CASH.

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Editor.





Michael Brown

Yours truly
William Rea

Magazine of Music Supplement, October 1893.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

Song by J. L. HATTON.

Blow High, Blow Low.

Song by DIBDIN.

School Song

by HILDA WALLER.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

WORDS BY
W. H. BELLAMY

MUSIC BY
J. L. HATTON.

Allegretto.

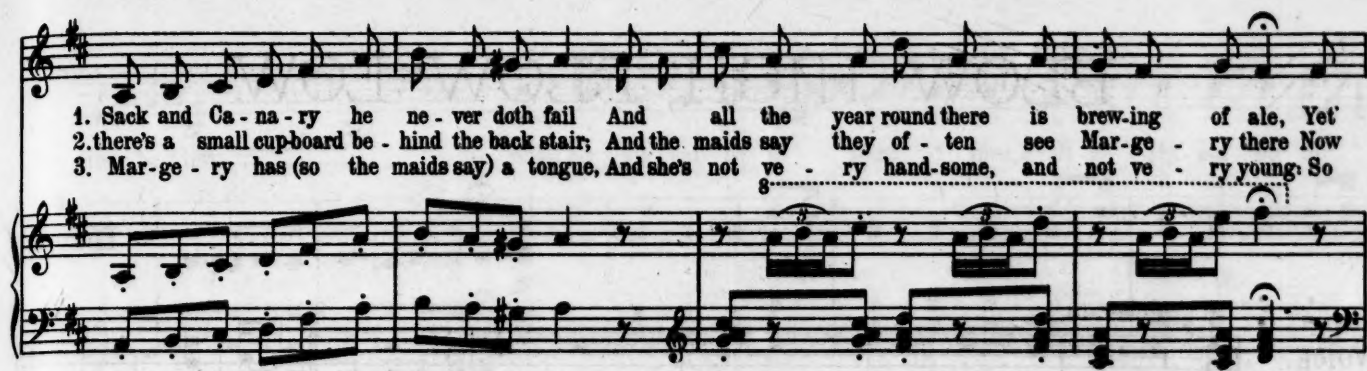
VOICE.

PIANO.

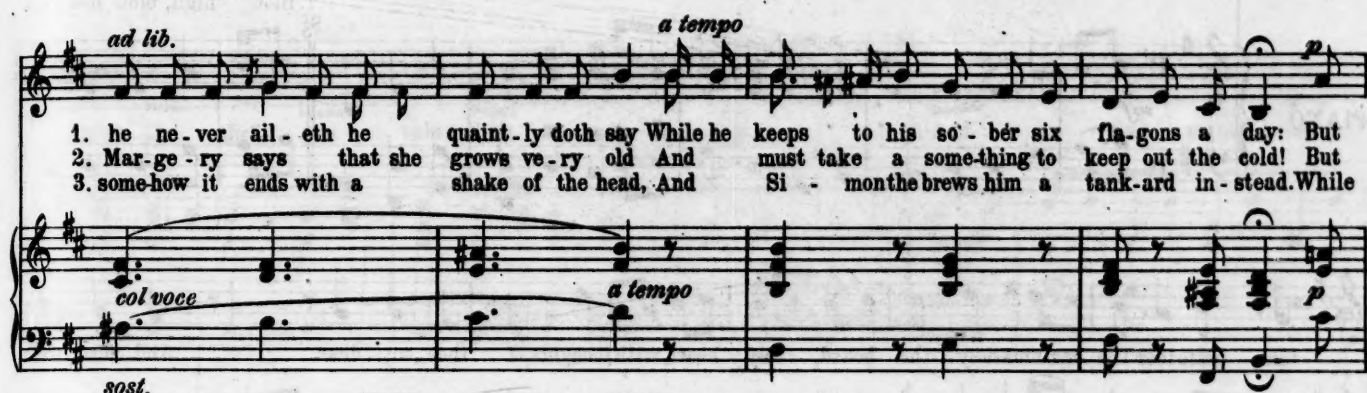
1. Old Si-mon the cel-lar-er keeps a large store, Of
2. Dame Mar-ge-ry sits in her own still-room, And a
3. Old Si-mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And

1. Malm-sey and Mal-voi-sie — And Cyp-rus and who can say how ma-ny more, For a
2. Ma-tron sage is she — From thence oft at Cur-few is waft-ed a fume, She
3. talks a-bout tak-ing a wife; — And Mar-ge-ry of-ten is heard to de-clare, She

1. cha-ry old soul is he — A cha-ry old soul is he — Of
2. says it is Rose-ma-rie, — She says it is Rose-ma-rie, — But
3. ought to be set-tled in life, — She ought to be set-tled in life, — But



1. Sack and Ca-na-ry he ne-ver doth fail And all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet
2. there's a small cupboard be-hind the back stair; And the maids say they of-ten see Mar-ge-ry there Now
3. Mar-ge-ry has (so the maids say) a tongue, And she's not ve-ry hand-some, and not ve-ry young: So

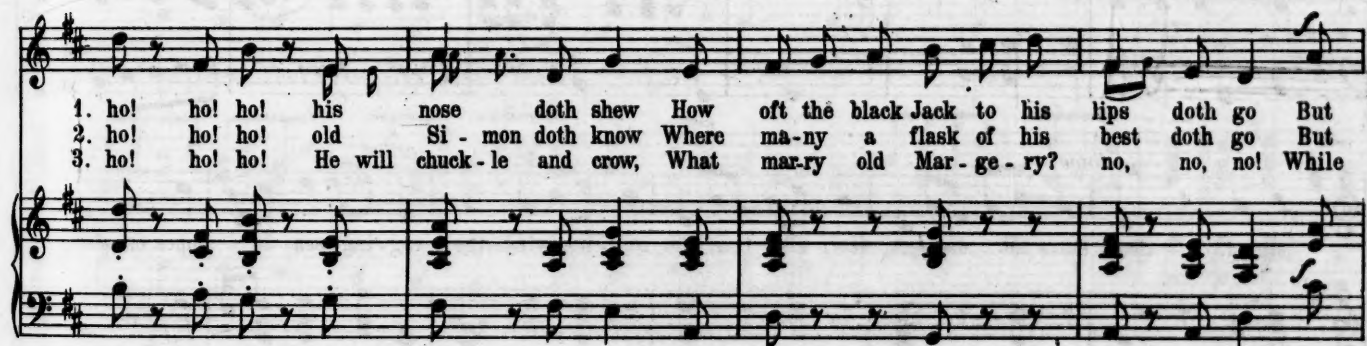


ad lib. *a tempo*

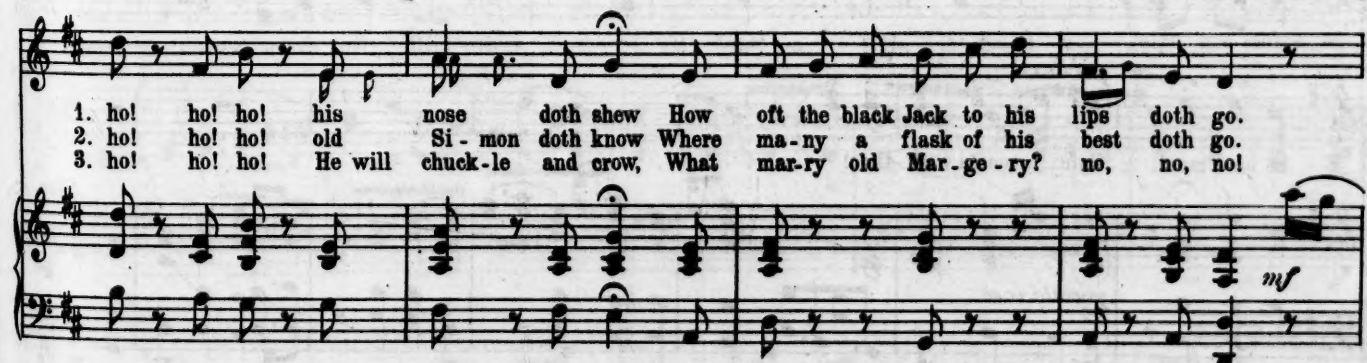
1. he ne-ver ail-eth he quaint-ly doth say While he keeps to his so-ber six fla-gons a day: But
2. Mar-ge-ry says that she grows ve-ry old And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold! But
3. some-how it ends with a shake of the head, And Si-mon the brews him a tank-ard in- stead. While

col voce *a tempo*

sost.



1. ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go But
2. ho! ho! ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go But
3. ho! ho! ho! He will chuck-le and crow, What mar-ry old Mar-ge-ry? no, no, no! While



1. ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
2. ho! ho! ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.
3. ho! ho! ho! He will chuck-le and crow, What mar-ry old Mar-ge-ry? no, no, no!



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3. ho! ho! ho! He will chuck-le and crow, What mar-ry old Mar-ge-ry? no, no, no!

D. C.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

DIBDIN.

VOICE. Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Blow high, blow low, let

tem - pest tear The mainmast by the board, My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love well

p dolce stored, Shall brave all dan-ger, scorn all fear, The roar-ing winds, the rag-ing sea, In hopes on shore to

cresc.

p

p ritard. be once more, Safe—moored with thee!

p colla voce

Fine.

2. A loft while moun-tains high we go, The whist-ling winds that scud a - long, And the surge roar-ing

mf

from be low ————— Shall my sig-nal be to think of thee, Shall my sig-nal be to

think of thee, And this shall be my song: — 3. And on that night when

Repeat 1st Verse. %

all the crew The mem-ry of their for-mer lives, O'er flow-ing cans of flip re-new, And

drink their sweet-hearts and their wives, I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh and think of

thee; And as the ship rolls through the sea, The bur-den of my song shall be —

Repeat 1st Verse. %

SCHOOL SONG.

WORDS BY
WORDSWORTH.

MUSIC BY
HILDA WALLER.

Allegretto.

1st SOPRANO. *p* The small birds twil - ler, The lake doth glit - ter The

2nd SOPRANO. *p*

ALTO. *p*

PIANO. *Allegretto.* *p*

green field sleeps in the sun — The old - est and young - est Are at work with the

mf

mf

strongest

Their heads ne - ver rais - ing There are for - ty, There are for - ty

The cat - tle are grazing

cresc.

cresc.

feed - ing like one Like an

p *dim.* *p*

ar - my de - feat - ed The snow hath re - treat - ed, And now doth fare

pp *pp*

ill On the top of the bare hill The plough boy is whoop - ing A -

mf *mf*

non, A non, A non, A non, There's

plough boy is whoop - ing

The plough boy is whooping

Più animato.

fog in the moun - tains; There's life in the foun - tains; Small clouds are

Più animato.

sail - ing; Blue sky pre - vail - ing The rain — is o - ver and is

The rain — is

The

gone, The rain — is o - ver and gone, The

o - ver

rain is gone, is o - ver and gone,

rain, The rain is gone!

is gone, The rain is gone!

Magazine of Music Supplement, October 1893.

*Praeludium
et
Fuga.*



London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

PRAELUDIUM ET FUGA.

Vivace. Great full without Mixtures: full pedal.

MANUALE.

PEDALE.

The musical score is written for a two-manual organ. The top system is labeled 'MANUALE.' and 'PEDALE.' on the left. The Manuale part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The Pedale part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff for the Manuale and a bass staff for the Pedale. The second system continues the Manuale melody with a more complex bass line. The third system features a prominent sixteenth-note pattern in the Manuale treble. The fourth system shows a dense texture with many sixteenth notes in both hands. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both parts.





FUGA.

Moderato. (♩ = 74.)







The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a similar complex melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a simpler line, mostly whole and half notes.



The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a similar complex melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a simpler line, mostly whole and half notes.



The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a similar complex melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a simpler line, mostly whole and half notes.



The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a similar complex melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a simpler line, mostly whole and half notes.



The fifth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a similar complex melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a simpler line, mostly whole and half notes.

